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The BYSTANDER

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"THEIR NATIVE HEATH"—No. 11. Biarritz

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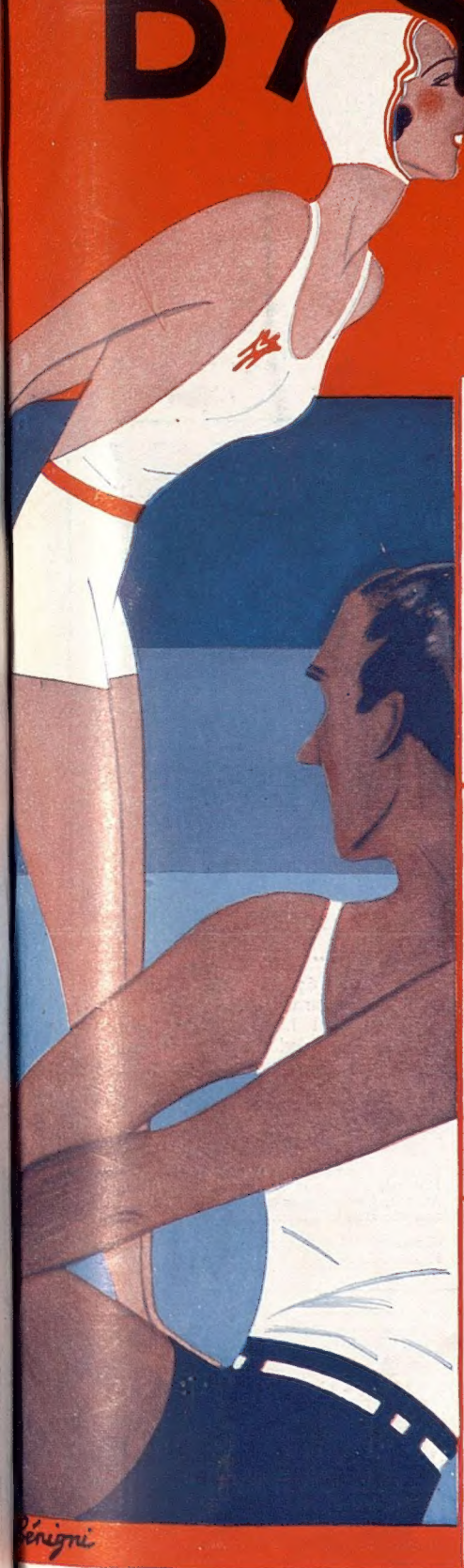

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The Bystander, September 11, 1934

The BYSTANDER

No. 1604. Vol. CXXIII.

IN LONDON NOW

Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook in a scene from the Radio picture, "Marriage Symphony." They were both present at the first night of "Murder in Mayfair," Ivor Novello's new play at the Globe Theatre. Always alert to recognise stage favourites, Miss Wynyard was given an ovation by the pit when, during an interval, she went to the back of the stalls to talk to Clive Brook. He, in his turn, had difficulty in leaving the theatre because of the attentions of his film-fan autograph-hunters. Popularity has its penalties

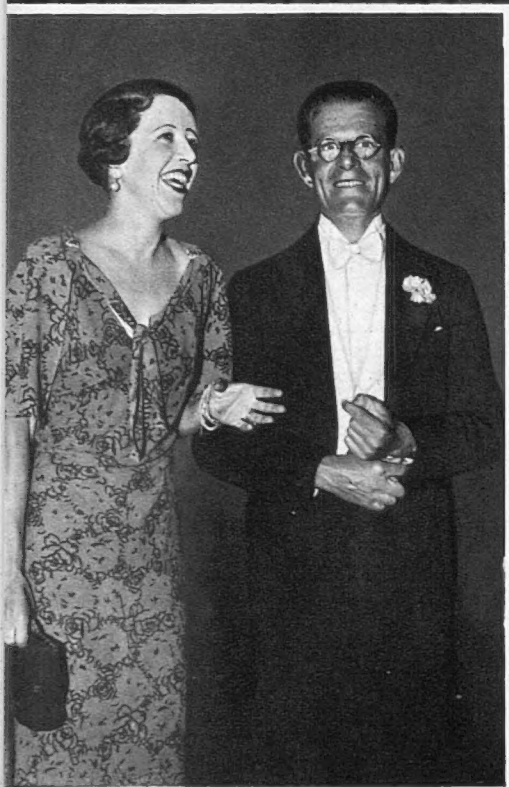
Swaebe

Swaebe

The York County Ball, in Aid of the York Hospital, at the Rialto

Above left: the Hon. Vanda Vivian, daughter of Lord and Lady Vivian, Mr. P. St. Clawford, and Lady Ellenborough at the York County Ball

Above: the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, who is the Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire, and was for some years an M.P., Miss S. Churchill, and Mr. Crichton-Stuart, further guests at the York County Ball



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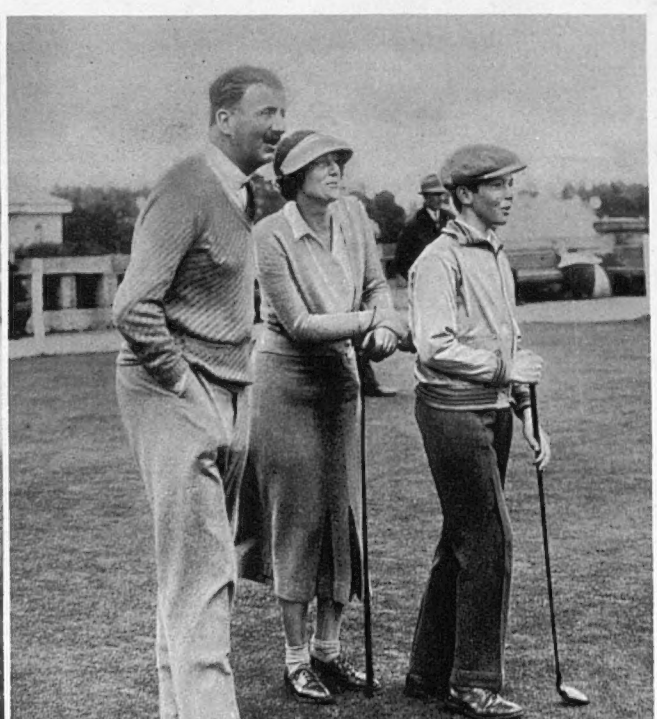
Mrs. D. Forster and Sir Peter Grant-Lawson, who were among the many dancers at the York County Ball held in the Rialto

To the Orkney Islands by Air

Above: Lord Titchfield, Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, Lady Titchfield, Lady Chaplin, Sir Edward Ellington, the pilot of the plane, E. V. Finnegin, Captain Robin Grosvenor, and Lord Chaplin, were a party from Sutherlandshire, sight-seeing in the Orkneys, photographed at Kirkwall, reached by air

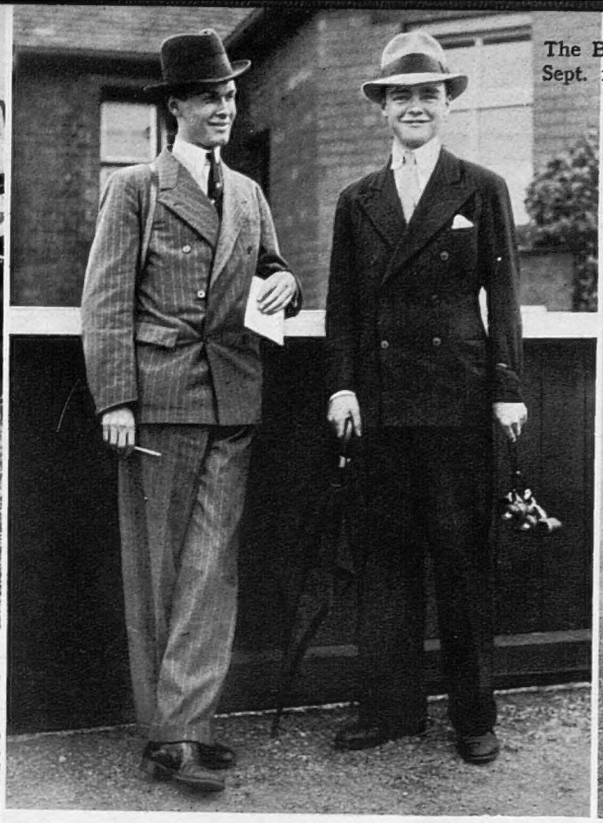


Left:

Ball Games

Far left: the Marchioness of Linlithgow, with Major E. N. S. Crankshaw and, left, Lord Stanley with Lady Dorothy Macmillan, who is the wife of the M.P. for Stockton, and her son Maurice

Arthur Owen



S. E. K. Richardson

Above: Mr. Clive Graham and the Hon. Michael Strutt, joint owners of Bendex, winner of the Byrkley Nursery Plate at Derby Races, which started favourite at 2 to 1

Mr. Marcus Wickham Boynton and the Hon. Mrs. Toby Greenall, who were also among the crowd of spectators at the Derby Summer Meeting

Top left: The Hon. Lady Bailey, wife of Sir Abe Bailey, Mrs. Paton and Major Stapleton Bretherton, at the Bicester Show

ROUND ABOUT

Left: Colonel Hetherington, Lord Huntington, and Miss Hastings, a trio of visitors to Derby Races

Swaebe

Right: Lady Stavordale, with her daughter, the Hon. Theresa Fox-Strangways, and her niece, Susan Hornby, photographed in a Littlehampton gorden

The Derby Summer Meeting

Below: Mrs. A. T. Smail, Mr. and Mrs. Norman, watching the South and West Wilts Ladies v. Portman Hunt Ladies Polo match on the Duke of Hamilton's aerodrome, Donhead, Salisbury

Below : Miss Wanda Allen and Mr. Mack Sennett, who fought their way through the crowd outside in order to be present

Above : the Hon. Anthony Herbert, Miss Tallulah Bankhead, and Mr. John Sutro arriving at the London Pavilion

Left : Mr. Alexander Korda, the producer of the film, and Miss Merle Oberon, who plays in it. (Right ; in circle) Miss Benita Hume

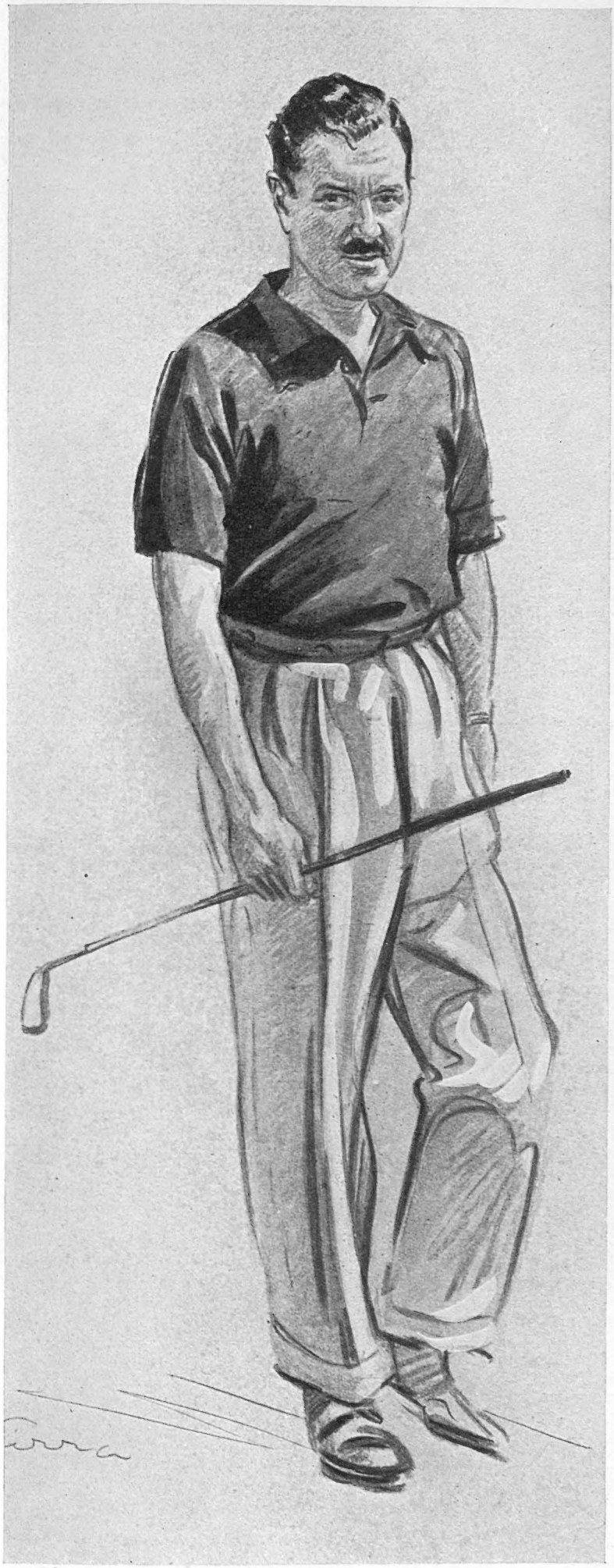
Don Juan's Private Life

First Nighters at the Old "Pav" Revivified

Miss Betty Hamilton, the blonde American actress, seen arriving

Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, the famous dramatist, appears pensive

Sir Percival Clarke, former Junior Counsel to the Treasury, and now Chairman of the County of London Sessions ; with him is Lady Clarke



CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 67.

Captain Euan Wallace

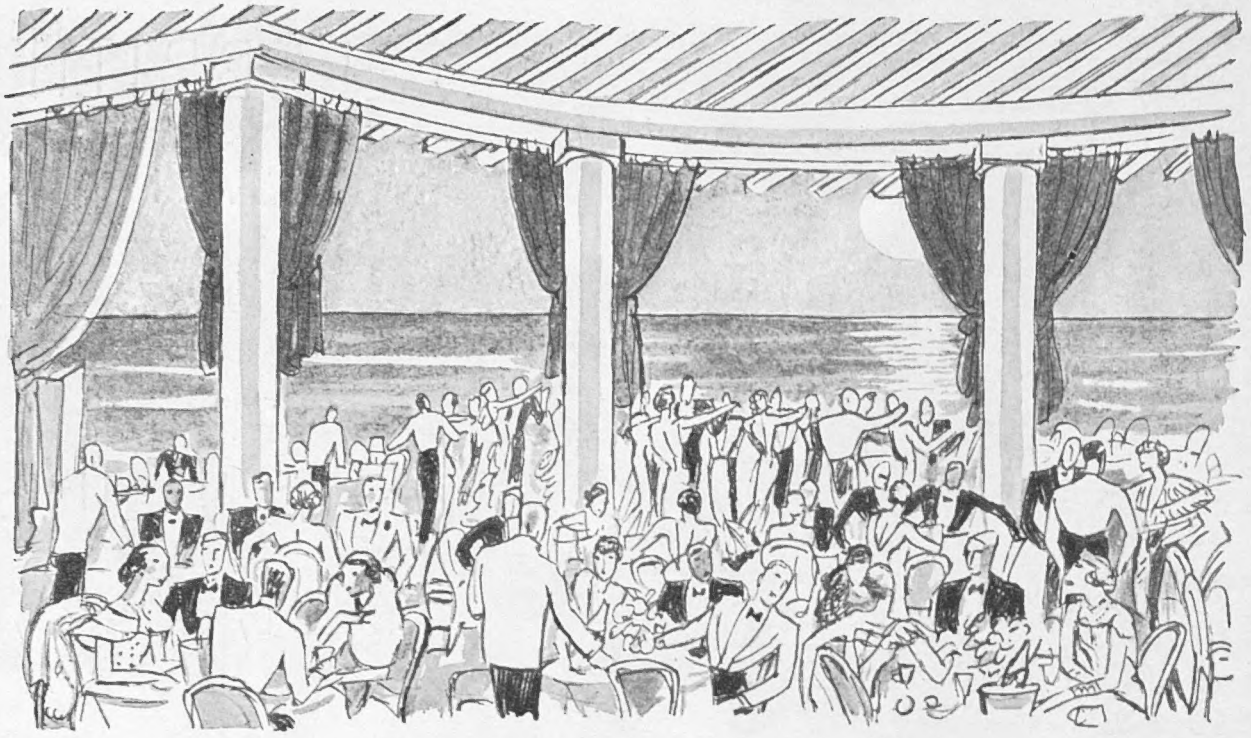
Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

CAPTAIN EUAN WALLACE is quite the best-looking and one of the grandest of our Members of Parliament. He has been married twice, his present wife being the daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens. Tall and dark, and a typical soldier, not of fortune but of the pro-consular type, it is odd to find him a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. He joined the 2nd Life Guards as long ago as 1911, after the usual round of Harrow and Sandhurst. To-day he lives in Hill Street, Mayfair, in a house decorated with one of the best mural decorations ever done by Rex Whistler. He smokes a pipe so regularly that he never carries a cigarette-case. He is scared to death of getting fat, although he only weighs a trifle over thirteen stone, and, in consequence diets and weighs himself every day. His greatest joy is to shoot driven grouse. His next greatest joy is his Saturday's hunting in the winter. He dislikes casinos beyond belief, only tolerates bridge when it is of the most informal and light-hearted character, and distinctly fancies himself as a driver of motor-cars—his own ranging from a Ford to a Rolls-Royce. Another of his bêtes noires (you see, I speak French) is backgammon. He loathes it.

Tall and dark and handsome (did I say he was sunburnt ?) he has a brusque walk, of the toe-and-heel variety. He is quite well off. Takes his politics seriously. Rather downright in his manner. Used to go out and dance. Plays a good deal of golf—being a long-hitting ten (*you* know, sometimes on the fair-way, sometimes not). He has a hottish temper, but doesn't reveal it on the platform, like Duff-Cooper. By the same token, he is not such a stylist. But he has a distinct flair for knowing what is going on. He should, having been a very energetic member of the Whip's staff from which he has since graduated. People accuse him of having an abrupt, clipped manner of speech. I disagree. They say he is in-clined to lay down the law a bit. I disagree again. No ; Captain Euan Wallace, one of the four Com-missioners appointed to look into the matter of the Distressed Areas—Durham and Tyneside is his province—is a very nice fellow.

I only wish that he was my local Member of Parliament. Last year he flew to Singapore and back, 23,000 miles in seven weeks or so. That is more than a lot of air-minded people would do.



Dinner at the Chambre d'Amour, Biarritz

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . . By Charles Graves

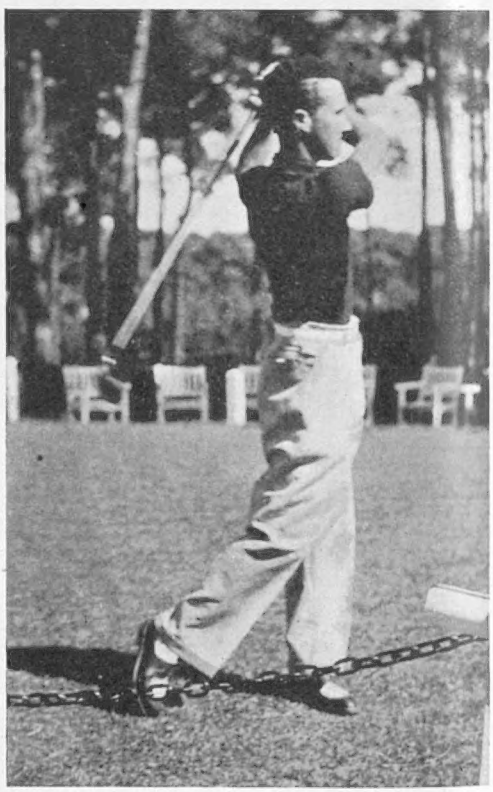
Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 11. CHIBERTA AND THE CHAMBRE D'AMOUR, BIARRITZ

FRANKLY, Chiberta this year is not in such good shape as last. One cannot blame M. Blanchis, the gloomy, limping, bereted Secretary. It is all a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence—or rather, milles, francs, and sous. To water the course properly during the summer would cost a hundred thousand francs, and the directors of the Lowenstein Estate, to which it belongs, decided that this was too much; which is all rather a pity, for the fairways are getting crumbly and even the greens are not so good. If only Lartigue, of the Casino, had it in his control, doubtless Chiberta once again would be the best golf-course on the Continent. In any case, it will always remain the most beautiful. As it is, Chiberta is becoming more and more a bridge club than a golf club. From four o'clock onwards the wicker chairs on the terrace overlooking the lake are crowded with card fiends, blind alike to the glories of the pine trees, the golfers, and the sunsets.

The Open-Air Bar, Chambre d'Amour

THERE are still, of course, any number of regular players. Even Lord Beaverbrook took up the game where he had left it years ago. The Prince of Wales played nine holes nearly every afternoon, either with Jean Gassiat or "Bunker" Vincent, a charming, quiet American with a handicap of two and a golf jacket of the most talkative check. Paul Dubonnet, whom I saw addressing the ball fifteen times on the short tenth, is a regular. He has a small, very neat swing, beautiful London clothes, the nicest motor-cars in France, and a secretary with whom he tied in a competition the other day. He has, however, a quick temper, and in the play-off walked in at the sixth hole. One of his most frequent opponents is Everard Gates, with his faintly Egyptian profile, curious smile when he is amused (he never actually laughs), long swing, nice income, huge wooden putter, charming wife,



Out for a Drive

Comte Paul de Saint Sauveur, one of Chiberta's crack golfers on the Chiberta links. He is a nephew of the noted trainer responsible for Lady Granard's and Lord Derby's French stable

prospective flat in Grosvenor Square, handicap of eight, and recently-purchased house on the borders of Hampshire, Surrey and Sussex. I didn't see Mike Gottlieb playing golf. But why should that bridge expert waste his time that way? Mike is very good-looking and is acknowledged to have been the best of Ely Culbertson's team which came over here last year. If you are looking for a game of golf, beware of the oddly-named Farini Finn. He looks as his name suggests—like a Spanish comedian. But off eight he is more or less unbeatable. Captain Norman, once the laundry king of England, and one of the very few people I know who survived a bayonet wound in the war, is another regular at Chiberta. Don't be deceived either by his limp or his handicap. It was he who won that wager at Stoke Poges by playing ten rounds in a day. He looks like a sad

The Links at Chiberta

The Duc de Montebello, a keen supporter of the Club, driving off from the first tee

Ronald Colman except for his nose, and is a gambler of great renown. Frank Rediker is a good-looking young American who missed his London season for the first time for a long while, but there is consolation in temporarily breaking the bank. You ought not to miss Arthur Bendir, for Arthur Bendir wears a beret for golf. This quiet, sleek, pink-and-white-cheeked little man is taking his annual holiday from Ladbroke's, and evidently enjoying it. If only he would write his reminiscences! General Critchley will doubtless be back at Chiberta by the time this appears in print. For the French Championships are due and, having won the Mixed Foursomes with Diana Fishwick, he naturally wants to bring off the double. To do so he will have to beat L'église, as light-hearted a golfer as the General is serious, but nevertheless, the best player in France. I've never seen the Marquis del Muni play golf, but he has tea very formally on the terrace most afternoons. As for Count Guy du Bourg de Bozas, he ought to stay on the polo field. Lady Ribblesdale is a confirmed bridge player. The Comte de Saint Sauveur is a deadly putter. Peter Koch de Goreynd is about the best of the English contingent. Lord Tweedmouth plays in his leather jacket whatever the heat. Princess Murat plays bridge mostly. You will also see the Duc de Tamames, the Duc de Montebello, and Count de Baillet-Latour, the last-named being no mean golfer.

And now drive over the few hundred yards to the Chambre d'Amour and have a swim after the heat of the round.

On the Sea Front

M. and Mme. Paul Dubonnet arriving at their cabana at the Chambre d'Amour. They have taken the Casa Florry at Chiberta for the season—one of the "show" villas

Here you will see Mrs. Wallace Simpson looking very pretty with her dark hair parted in the middle; dozens of O'Malley Keyses, with Mama's hair as red as ever; the Duchess of Peneranda, browner than ever; possibly Cagancho, the matador with the slit-green eyes and his way of looking at you as though selecting the exact spot in your neck into which to drive his sword; Mrs. Minnie Paget, who used to be Minnie Ryder, and Jean Coombe; Jean Stourton, more at home behind her smoked spectacles than ever; Xandra Rambeau, as pretty as a picture, wearing, probably, that admirable new necklace of rubies and diamonds, as well as her very interesting signet ring; Lady Jean Macintosh watching her husband aqua-planing; Mrs. Dubonnet playing bridge in a cabana, probably with Ted Wagg, blonde, curly-haired, and recently an uncle; General Trotter in a palm beach suit, though he has now gone back; Shelley, the good-looking Chilean, who had that argument last year with a local reporter; Miss St. John, that pretty English girl with a Spanish accent; Lord Clydesdale getting a tan, and, finally, Lady Veronica Hornby being taught to swim.

Fir Trees and Putting Greens

Comte Guy de Baillet-Latour and Mr. Peter Koch de Gooreynd, who played together in a recent big competition

The Bathing Pool, Chambre d'Amour

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Blackbirds and a Black Sheep

An impression by Rouson of some of "The Blackbirds" at the Coliseum

"Blackbirds of 1934" (Coliseum)

SPEED! The orchestra, in full view of the audience, at the wave of the conductor's baton, lets fly. The conductor, every nerve strained, excites the members to further effort. The huge Coliseum curtain rises. The music from the orchestra blends with a negro choir. The Blackbirds Beauty Chorus begins to dance. Faster and faster grow the steps. Louise Madison's feet tap and tap. A welter of sound and movement. Speed!

More speed, for Nyas Berry takes the stage. Was there ever such a dancer? Is there anything this boneless wonder cannot do? Is a human body really capable of such contortions? Most wonderful of all—the feet. They do not seem to touch the stage. Faster and faster they go. Speed!

VALAIDA makes her first appearance and choosing for it a tragic song. She tears to tatters a mother's grief. The song itself may be banal, but there is nothing banal about the singing. In a few moments one knows that here is an artiste who is an artist.

Later on she appears again in various rôles. Valaida deserts the tragic theme for comedy. Then she holds the baton, and under her guidance, piano, soprano, orchestra, and chorus break out into Gershwin's Blues. Valaida, realising her worth, blows her own trumpet. Yet another facet of her talent is revealed when Valaida dances.

Another song by Valaida, and once more Nyas Berry's twinkling feet and mad contortions excite the house to frenzy. His dance is ended, but the audience will not let him go. With a delighted grin he takes an encore, and that final dance of his excels all that has gone before. Speed! Speed! Speed!

THE Four Cobs appear. They sing; they sing with humour but they dance with wit. Enter Peg Leg Bates. As his name implies, he is bereft of one limb. Where the other should be is attached a wooden crutch, but that does not prevent him dancing and, even so, there is grace in all his movements, and—as is to be expected—speed! Once again the house gets out of hand. The hour waxes late, but an encore must be given.

So this brilliant Blackbirds company continue to the end, and the spectators depart stunned with song, syncopation, and the tap, tap, tap of toes. Gone are the days of coffee-coloured coonery and wistful melody. The cotton-fields are forgotten. Harlem is in the ascendant, and sentiment gives place to the dancing of delirium. Speed! Speed! Speed!

"Family Affairs" (Ambassadors)

IT is an axiom in the theatrical world that a play in which there is a trial scene must contain elements of popularity. I think it equally axiomatic that a play in which a family at loggerheads, and many members of which find themselves in awkward situations, has an equally popular appeal.

Miss Gertrude Jennings, in *Family Affairs*, at the Ambassadors Theatre, has chosen the latter theme, with Lady Madehurst as a matriarch from whom all troubles must be kept. And in this unlucky family troubles do not come singly.

One son, believed by his mother to be dead, is wanted by the police, and plays the blackmailer. Another has become entangled in the skirts of a married woman. A third has married a barmaid and thinks himself ruined when his income is reduced from fifteen thousand to five thousand a year. A grandson has married a girl who wants to run away with a Folkestone hairdresser, while Lady Madehurst's young companion is passionately devoted to the son who is entangled. It is only the matriarch's daughter who does not appear to be in for a peck of trouble. Throw in the matriarch's sister, a character which is drawn and acted in the key of farce, and a servant who is allowed more licence in speech than is expected of even an old retainer, and you have the protagonists in the play.

During the course of the three acts, it is revealed that, apart from knowing that her eldest son lives, the matriarch is fully aware of all these trials and tribulations, and it is she who acts as deus ex machina and contrives to get all the members of the family out of their respective messes.

THIS is indeed a popular theme, and Miss Jennings has, doubtless, not imperilled its appeal by somewhat superficial treatment. Not for her deep delving into psychology, for though the story is serious enough, she tells it in light-hearted fashion, and except at the end, when criminal son and mother meet, she plays for laughter—and gets it.

Personally, I found it difficult to believe in a family so constantly in touch with the matriarch, thinking that the old lady was such a fool as to be ignorant of what was going on, but that would not interfere with the pleasure of an average audience, who are only too pleased to help play in the game of let 's pretend when Lilian Braithwaite is the matriarch and her sister, as played by Athene Seyler, walks right out of the picture in getting laugh after laugh.

Among others in a strong cast, Archibald Batty was excellent as the wealthy son. Gyles Isham added touches of character to the prodigal son, and Jack Livesey, Clare Harris, Mary Glynne, and Lesley Wareing all lend the dramatist useful aid.

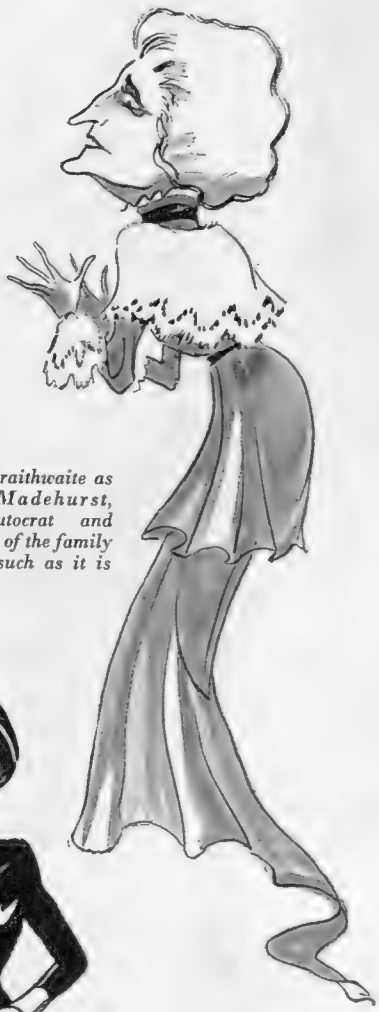
VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Figures from "Family Affairs," at the Ambassadors

Sketches by Rouson

Athene Seyler, as Aunt Amy. Just as pleased as her sister to welcome the return of the family scapegrace

Gyles Isham as the family black sheep, whose fifteen years' absence earns him a halo on his return



Lilian Braithwaite as Lady Madehurst, stern autocrat and guardian of the family honour, such as it is

Right: Clare Harris as Julia, a barmaid who married above her station and made a success of it

Archibald Batty as ("Five thousand a year before I get a penny, old man") Herbert. He failed to extend the brotherly hand of welcome to his erring brother

Action at last! Jack Livesey (Harvey) indulges in a scrap with Mary Glynne (Mrs. Warwick)

Mary Hinton as Sarah, another of the happy family, who just tolerates her husband because he is in New York

D

• FILMS of the DAY

Royal Flush: By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Right: Raimu in "Ces Messieurs de la Santé," a satire at the Academy. In order to rehabilitate himself into Society after imprisonment, Raimu, as a financial magnate appears as porter and sales promoter to a corsetière; a diverting performance

Raimu in "Ces Messieurs de la Santé"

Constance Bennett

As the extremely elegant Duchess in "The Affairs of Cellini" at the Leicester Square, who falls for Benvenuto Cellini (Frederic March) though married to the Duke of Florence (Frank Morgan). The theme of the film suggests a farce of the Renaissance—bedroom type. It is reviewed on this page

THE two forms which screen entertainment, on the grand scale, has most persistently taken during the past season have been musical and historical.

Observe History! Christina, the swearing, drinking, hare-lipped Queen of Sweden, transformed by the modern magic of Hollywood and the great Garbo into the handsomest, long-legged "youth," booted and spurred, with slouch hat and flowing, golden locks, and into the sinuous, seductive lover of the Ambassador from Spain. . . . Bergner, elfish, mischievous, entrancing, in an unrecognisable portrait of the ruthlessly ambitious German Princess who became the libertine Empress, Catherine of Russia. . . . Dietrich, rapturously beautiful, in an even more fantastic interpretation of the same character, but all set against backgrounds of almost unimaginable splendour and directorial license.

AND now de Mille has delved still deeper into the past and re-incarnated Egypt's mysterious queen in the person of Claudette Colbert. What he did to Poppæa he has done, only more so, to Cleopatra. Claudette Colbert was exquisitely modern in *It Happened One Night*, and so she is in this de Mille magnificat to celluloid possibilities and impossibilities which might perhaps be titled, "It Did Not Happen Like This."

ONE of my most respected colleagues in film criticism has given it as his opinion that the doom of the cinema is writ in pictures of this kind. For once, with due deference, I differ. Spectacle was the breath of life in the early days of films, and, after Griffiths, de Mille was one of the chief accoucheurs. Films cannot be massed into one conglomerate classification as entertainment, any more than the public can be forced into a single group with the same reactions and tastes; and there is a vast public, indifferent to the exigencies of historical accuracy, who revel in these gorgeous, glamorous, meretricious presentations. I take their survival as proof of something vital and youthful, both in film production and in the patrons of this form of entertainment, as opposed to the serious and sophisticated students of technique and the devotees of psychology and political propaganda on the screen. The spectacular, the colossal, the romantical, is an escape from reality, monotony, and care—the triumph of fiction over fact.

TO return for a moment to Claudette Colbert: she has now reigned three times upon the screen—as Mr. Coward's Parisian-Slovakian, as Poppæa, the wife of Nero, and as Cleopatra, but there is only one Empress for which she would be really well cast—Napoleon's Josephine. Picture her with those forehead curls under the jewelled crown, a diaphanous Empire gown outlining her perfect figure, her evasive seduction brought to bear on the frivolous and flirtatious Creole's amative intrigues! I commend to those whom it may concern, consideration of a romantic comedy based on the early days of that strange marriage, Barras in the background and the pet dog in the foreground—and in the connubial bed!

CONSTANCE BENNETT is the latest candidate for costumed and courtly honour and dishonour. As the Duchess of Florence she plays opposite Fredric March in *The Affairs of Cellini*, a modern comedy of marital deceptions and complaisance, placed in Renaissance Italy. And, perhaps, well placed, since "civilised" society has always resorted to similar exchanges and Boccacio himself is very modern! Fredric March is well cast as the brilliant, raffish goldsmith, Benvenuto. He adds a lightsomeness and humour to his versatile histrionics. At times he is reminiscent of our own Owen Nares, who also began his career in rather intense, handsome, but heavy hero rôles, and has survived to show a gift for comedy. Since Frank Morgan, as the Duke of Florence, also has his little affair (with Fay Wray, of the receptive eyes and mouth), the Duchess cannot be blamed too heartily for succumbing to the blandishments of such a pretty man, and, after all, Shakespeare, as well as French farce writers *and* Mr. Coward, made use of a balcony scene, so this "Private Lives" of the cinquecento has precedential sanction.

Chaliapine, the famous singer and his family at the Schlosspension Lebenberg, Kitzbühel, Austria. Mr. and Mrs. Chaliapine are seated centre. Their daughters, Marfa, Marina and Dassia, are in the foreground. At the back, standing, is another daughter, Stella, with her husband, Count Jean de Lemure, and on the right, seated is the Countess de Lemure, mother of the bridegroom

A Famous Singer and a Family Party

Below: Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard at Catalina Island, the Californian resort where they are on holiday in his yacht, the Panacea

Charlie on Holiday

Cosmopolitan Personalities

In Eastern and Western Hemispheres

The Lure of the Lido

Eleanor Boardman stops to indulge in conversation with the Duc de Laurim outside the Lido Excelsior Palace Hotel

The Season in Venice

Lady Diana Cooper and her husband, Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, M.P. for the St. George's Division of Westminster and Financial Secretary to the War Office, on the terrace of the Grand Hotel, Venice, where they have been spending a holiday

Caricatures from the Continent

Royalty and Notabilities at Play

Caricatures by Jean Gast

H. H. Jagatjit Singh Bahadur of Kapurthala

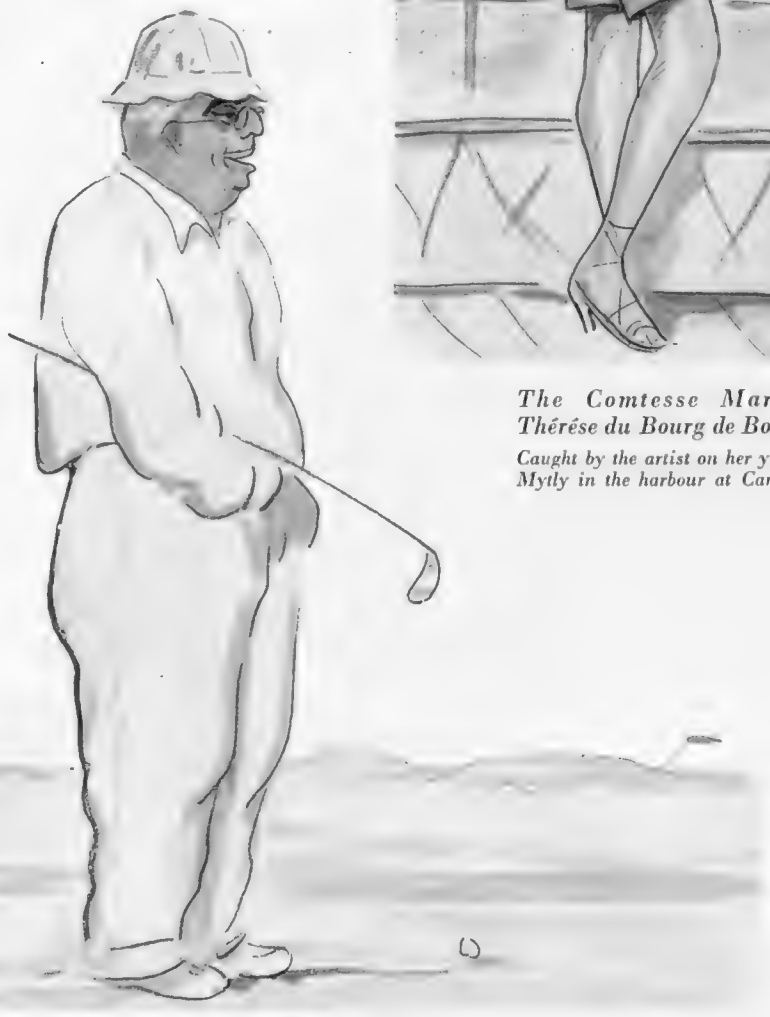
A frequent visitor to Deauville and Le Touquet. His State in India has an area of 652 square miles, and he possesses property in Oude of the same magnitude

The Comtesse Marie-Thérèse du Bourg de Bozas

Caught by the artist on her yacht Mytly in the harbour at Cannes

M. Sacha Guitry

The actor-dramatist and famous son of an equally famous father, one of whose several hobbies is caricaturing. He has been stopping on the Basque coast



The Aga Khan

Who is as well-known a figure on the race-course as the golf links. He puts in a good deal of time playing golf at Deauville

Baron Maurice de Rothschild

Whose fancy in bathing-wraps runs in the direction of flowers

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Back to Work

ALL round the district of Fleet Street you will see, at any time of the day, pale, gaunt, shuffling, emaciated men, creeping furtively along in the shadows, coat collars turned up to conceal absence of tie and collar, elbows patched, and boots in holes. From all sides they are flocking back to Fleet Street, like ravens to a dead horse (not that we wish for one second to imply that we are comparing our great national newspapers to dead horses). You ask us who these unfortunate men are? You didn't? Well, we're jolly well going to tell you, in any case. They are professional journalists who are going back to work. The Test matches are over, and the tens of thousands of first-class cricketers, poets, novelists, essayists, playwrights, critics, peeresses, boxers, tennis players, Channel swimmers, actors, film stars, bishops, deans, and all the rest of them who have been writing about the Test matches all the summer, have gone away to recuperate at Monte Carlo, Helouan, Miami, Honolulu, Deauville, and Brioni. And right well do they deserve a holiday, for they have toiled hard. The only bright feature of their arduous summer has been that they have not suffered from inside competition.

Naughty, Naughty!

A FORTNIGHT ago we put on record in these paragraphs that, to our uninitiated eye, water-polo appeared to be a game admirably adapted for rough tactics, which just shows you what a wealth of sound judgment, accurate observation, clear thinking, and intelligence is possessed by the happy little Syndicate whose portraits adorn the top of this page. For no sooner had we formed this opinion than Hungary played the British Empire at this noble sport. In one of the later chukkas, a Hungarian scored a goal which the ref. disallowed. A grand schemozzle followed, and the ref. pointed sternly to the pavilion, requesting the players to make tracks thither with no little speed. Whereupon an even grander schemozzle blew up from the south-south-east, and the whole Hungarian team left the water in high dudgeon.

Revival of Slavery

ONCE again we have to raise our voices in protest against the hideous crime of reintroducing the slave trade in this year of grace. And not reintroducing it into the Gold Coast, mind you, or the Pepper Coast, or the Mustard Coast, but right slap into the very heart of our far-flung Emp. In the City of London, we were appalled to read, the lust for gold has reached such a desperate pitch that our merchants are buying and selling Kaffirs on the kerb outside the Stock Exchange. Gold shares continue to soar, and these unhappy natives change hands and get new owners over and over again in the course of a single day. White-hot with indignation, we sent a representative down to Throgmorton Street to write a description of these atrocious scenes that would rouse the conscience of humanity. Things were worse even than we thought. Not a single Kaffir was visible, and that can only mean that they are kept immured in vaults and safe deposits and dungeons, while the traffickers barter them away for gold—or, at any rate, for cheques.

Wisecrack, huh?

THE Dual-Stretch Corset, we are not asked to state, but we are going to, all the same), has nothing to do with that grim phrase which so many of our beaks let out from time to time, about the "sentences to run concurrently." Incidentally, what a very tactless use of the expression, "from time to time."

"I'm not bragging, Nellie, but, James and I never had a fight, in all our years that I haven't won"

Doctor Watson Again

THE Sherlock Holmes Society is humming with excitement, for a discovery of the first importance has been made which throws a new light upon the character of Dr. Watson. A document has been found which proves beyond a shadow of doubt that the gallant doctor not only took his medical degree at Edinburgh University, but actually played cricket for the University. It only leaked out after many years that Watson played "Rugger" for Blackheath. Now comes a new revelation both of his athletic attainments and of his modesty.

This Week in the Garden

NOW is the time when the real, keen horticulturist throws

off his summer lethargy and flings himself into the work of the autumn. There is a great deal to be done. There is the jobbing gardener to be watched, for instance, as he digs over the vegetable bed. Every garden-lover knows the importance, as well as the difficulty for all but the most experienced, of keeping an eye on the jobbing gardener. Then there is the odd boy who sweeps up the leaves. He has to be superintended. The best way is to combine both tasks. This is done by selecting a point of 'vantage overlooking vegetable-bed and leaves, and placing a good, sound deck-chair there, together with a newspaper and a pot of beer. In this way a great deal of superintending can be done in quite a short time. Then there are the bulbs to be bought for indoor planting. A good method of doing this is to work out how many bulbs can be bought, say, for five shillings, at a penny each, and then despatch someone to the nearest bulb shop to carry out the necessary transaction. Do not, however, forget to calculate whether you would not sooner spend the money on more beer. If you decide to buy beer, do not send for the bulbs, and vice-versa.

"Stick 'em Up!"

"And this is really *the room in which Queen Mary lost her head"*

This is the season when it is customary to inform your neighbours on each side of you that the days are drawing in, and it is permissible to comment on the wealth of autumnal tints. Be on your guard, however, against talking about a veritable riot of colour. Veritable riots only take place in June and July. It is, on the other hand, allowable to refer in tones of distinct approval to the Daylight Saving Act. It is bad form, though, to know when the time changes and whether you put the clock forward or back. Beer should be potted now.

The Cocos

WHAT an eternal fascination these Cocos Islands have! Another expedition has just started out to find the famous treasure. Shades of Morgan and Kidd drift across the Cays. The ghostly voice of Ben Gunn comes down the woods, and Long John Silver talks to Israel Hands about Flint, the boozy old seaman with the blue mug, who died of drink in Savannah. And it is just the same with the Tobermory Galleon, and King John's Treasure in the Wash, and the Treasure of the Incas, and the Acapulco Galleon, and the plate ships in Vigo Bay, and many another buried treasure. We ourselves met a lady once who turned over a little pile of dust at Ostia, the ancient port of Rome, and lo! there was a copper coin of the Augustan age. There is just as big a thrill in that, though perhaps not quite so great a value (and perhaps a greater value) as in the Cocos Treasure.

Another Blow

POOR old Scotland! Always in the soup in one way or another. The latest outrage to her easily-wounded susceptibilities is the invasion of a party of German students dressed in the kilt. History does not relate what tartan the lads assumed, but we imagine that an official Reichstartan will soon be issued by Dr. Goebbels, the indefatigable Minister of Propaganda. General Göring will be delighted at the opportunity of wearing still another costume. Probably he will wear the hunting variety of the Reichstartan, with a good many dirks and claymores and skian-dhus (the jolly little pen-knife that the true Highland gent carries in his stocking) and his clan will probably be called "The Macswastikas."

Without Comment

FROM a contemporary: "In a charity pageant at Coney Island, New York, Miss Mary Peck, who impersonated Joan of Arc, wore a bathing-suit of thin metal to simulate armour, and carried a shield. She tried, she declared, to behave with the dignity of a saint. According to the organisers of the pageant, 'Joan was the most dressed-up person in the show, and looked as solemn as an owl.'"

Football Note

A CERTAIN highly important gentleman has issued orders that the football team of his country must always win when playing in international matches. A little of that spirit would do no harm among the board of directors of the Chelsea Football Club. It would add greatly to the excitement of the spectators at Stamford Bridge if, after a lost match, one or two of the home team were lined up against the wall of the grand stand and shot by the chairman.

Hope Springs Eternal, etc.

A LADY has just been travelling round the world with a large collection of jewels, including the famous Hope diamond, which brings a curse with it. However, this intrepid lady is undaunted by any amount of curses, though she is a little apprehensive about her friends. Indeed, she expressed her apprehension to a reporter. "I do everything possible to prevent my friends from touching it," she is said to have remarked—a statement that seems to us to be slightly ambiguous.

Ray of Sunshine Corner

ONE of our daintiest little politicians tripped into the fiery limelight the other day with a graceful speech about the Davis Cup that brought tears to the eyes of seven railway directors, two moneylenders, and an all-in wrestler. Mr. A. A. Milne and Master C. R. Milne would have danced a teeny tiny little polka had they been present, and Sir James Barrie—oh, well, we all know the sort of speech he would have made. Anyway, the neat little politician said that Mr. Dwight Davis, by giving the Cup, had "done more to add to the sum of human happiness than almost anyone in the world." Oh, what fearful hugaboo! What perfectly beastly hugaboo!

"Nudists Meet in a Garden"

SO runs a headline. We thought at first that the paragraph must be about the earlier chapters of the Book of Genesis, in which case we would have commended the news editor's piety and looked slightly askance at his news-sense. But it turned out that it was a modern affair at which nobody wore anything at all except the stewards, who were dreadfully over-dressed in green armlets. Presumably they were masquerading as the serpent.

THE BYSTANDERS.

The Old School Tie: No. 15.—Malvern

The Old Boys' colours, be it said,
Are blue and black, plus bands of red.

AT Malvern, "Soccer's" sway
Still holds the field to-day,
For "Rugger's" not worth one darned jot
To all those boys who play
On Senior Turf, the spot
Round which the school has got
To wend its way in choice array
On Sundays fine and hot.

At shooting they are great,
They've got a first-class Eight,
And they've a crew of boxers who
Are guaranteed first-rate.
"Crockets" and "Yarders," too
Are games of derring-do
Which never grate, in fact, we'll state
They charm more than a few.

Though fags may labour sore
Down in "Hell Junior,"
When tea is laid and toast is made
They find their trouble o'er,
And they are free to raid
The Grubber, where's displayed
A thrilling store of sweets galore,
That hunger can be stayed.

The "Ledder" Run may not
Appeal to boys a lot,
Likewise, the O.T.C. can show
Some tempers growing hot,
But Old Boys clearly know
What happiness can grow
For those who've got a tender spot
For that old school they know.

B. W.

"I still think it's George III, sir"

• BLACK SPECTACLES

Can You Recognise Their Owners ?

Two in the Lido Sun

Left : Mrs. Leander McCormick, who was the Comtesse Renee de Fleurieu before her marriage to one of the millionaire brothers from Chicago

Right : The Princesse Jean-Louise Faucigny-Lucinge. Like the rest of the d'Erlanger family, she has been a Lido fan for many seasons

1. *Lady Bridget Poulett*
2. *Lady Ashley*
3. *Miss Jeanne Stourton*
4. *Miss Joan Buckmaster*
5. *Lady Rosebery*
6. *Mrs. Vernon Tate*
7. *Lady Phyllis Allen*

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Poole, Dublin

Motor Racing in Ulster

Viscount and Viscountess Castlereagh, who saw C. J. P. Dodson win the 478-miles-long Tourist Trophy race in his M.G. "Magnette," over the famous Ards Circuit, near Belfast

BEFORE the notification of Prince George's engagement to Princess Marina, birds whispered about it, Austrian papers shouted about it, it was denied, and then out came the Court Circular, sweeping all doubts aside, and the happy young couple endured their official journalistic and photographic bombardment. Lake Bled is not too easy to reach at a moment's notice, but, the morning after the announcement, twenty interviewers stepped out on the platform of the local station.

WHEN Princess Marina was in England, a short time ago, there were rumours about her possible engagement to the Prince of Wales: he was one of the few who knew the present secret. Prince George, at least to the Mayfairing section of London, is probably the best known of all the Royal Family, for he is a regular attendant at the best parties, is seen a great deal at concerts and the Opera, is of a most cheerful disposition, and has looks which would be invaluable, even unallied to Royal birth.

Right: Mr. David Colville and Lady Joan Colville sailing their yacht, Moby Dick, off Cowes. Lady Joan is Lord Jersey's sister

PRINCESS MARINA has friends all over Europe: she has spent a great deal of time in Paris, where two of her greatest friends are Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge and Mme. Ralli. She is very fond of music, and it was after the Wagner concert of Toscanini at Salzburg that the real rumours of their engagement seemed to get about. Perhaps the playing of the music to *Lohengrin*, especially the Prelude to Act III., may have clinched their romance, for they stood arm-in-arm in the courtyard during the interval, oblivious of the staring Austrian crowd.

THE Princess is a person of very decided opinions—by no means is she a little "Yes" girl—yet she is charming to everybody, very attractive, and very bright. Let us hope that English fogs will be no damper on her spirits.

Sketched on the Solent

VENICE is very bright just now, and with the weather cooling off a bit the smaller canals do not smell quite as strong, although this is the best month from the point of view of the activities of mosquitoes. To compare the Lido, only three miles away, to Venice, is impossible, unless one can visualise the difference between Maidenhead and Oxford, mentally improving both these spots. For those who do not meet their friends in Venice on the Piazza di San Marco, the "club" for English-speaking races is undoubtedly Harry's Bar. This bar is no different to any other fashionable bar at, say, Le Touquet, Deauville, Monte Carlo, or Biarritz, except that it is smaller, hotter, and probably more crowded—but the food is excellent.

HERE, in the cocktail hour, one can see Princess Jane di San Faustino, Queen of the Lido, and probably Countess Morosini, who holds a similar position in Venice. They are very great friends, and Princess Jane has assured me that there is no truth in the rumour that she is reported to have said to the Countess, according to some American paper,

Right: Mr. C. M. Tonge, Lady Margaret Strickland, only daughter of the Earl of Darnley, and her husband, Mr. Claud Strickland, leaving the tennis courts of the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, where they are making a prolonged stay

Miss Joan Grenfell

Miss Joan Grenfell is a daughter of the late General Grenfell and the late Lady Muriel Grenfell. She is wearing a red and white check linen blouse, and, waiting her turn at "Redan," she brought her knitting

The Hon. George Colville, seen on the right, is the youngest son of the first Viscount Colville of Culross. His wife, Lady Cynthia Colville, is the youngest daughter of the first Marquess of Crewe, a Lady-in-Waiting to H.M. the Queen. He is a well-known member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and has a house at Cowes in the summer

The Hon. George Colville

Right: Miss Daphne Mulholland, the daughter of the late Countess of Cavan by her first marriage, waiting to drive off at North Berwick

Miss Daphne Mulholland

Miss Betty Rumbold

Miss Betty Rumbold, a niece of Sir Horace Rumbold, waiting to play tennis at North Berwick. She is engaged to Mr. Andrew Atha, and the wedding will take place in November

"Rats, Annina, rats." Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, the latter paying her first visit to Venice, Alanova, Miss Olga Lynn, Mr. Peter Watson, Lady Castlerosse, Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, Lord Elveden, and Lady Dufferin, have all recently been seen there. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen can be seen walking arm-in-arm most nights after dinner on the Piazza. He met his lovely wife seven years ago this month in the hall of the Grand Hotel: she was paying her bill to go, and he was just arriving. I wonder if they were formally introduced before they first spoke?

THE big event of last week was the gondoliers' race along the Grand Canal, not run to Sullivan's music: it was a fine spectacle, but with very little racing. All the best people got asked to view the sports from Palazzi, on the Grand Canal. Count Volpé had a large party, which included Princess Jane, Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge, Lady Poulett, and Lady Bridget Poulett, Mr. Eddie Eily was also there: he has been seen every afternoon on the Lido, playing backgammon with at least three Princesses. Italy is his home country.

MR. and Mrs. Leander MacCormick spend most of their time on the Lido beach; he has gotten himself so thin by dieting that he looks to be fading away, much to his wife's anger, which she expresses with charming Gallic fluency.

THE Excelsior Hotel has a great tennis tournament all the week. Miss Peggy Scriven has been making the ball ping against the racket with her accustomed skill—also von Kramm, the German expert. The place is full of Davis Cup players, and the Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 of all the different countries. Princess Mdivani has taken Ali Baba (her motor-boat) down to Rome, and is off on a cruise.

A familiar face to be seen on the Lido is that of Miss "Hoytie" Wyborg, who is often in Miss Olga Lynn's entourage. Miss Lynn has been staying in the lovely Palazzo Barbaro, which is taken each year by the quiet, scholarly, and musical American, Mr. Odom. He entertains very generously, but most unobtrusively. Mr. Philip and Lady Mary Dunn have been recent guests, and Mrs. Drogo Montagu has just left: her father, Mr. "Benjie" Guinness, has arrived to take her for a cruise on his yacht. Of Mrs. Corrigan I have no news—except that she has done one of her many acts of kindness in looking after over 100 very poor families in Vienna until Christmas-time.

The Summer Season

Left: Miss Lulu Esmond, the well-known golfer, who has been seen frequently of late on the links at North Berwick

Right: Miss Pam Deuchar with her Scottie, Cresta, on the links at North Berwick and, being on the links, a lead is required for him

Miss Lulu Esmond

Miss Pam Deuchar

Sketches by Molly Bishop

on the Cote D'Azur—An Animated Scene at the Swimming-pool at Monte Carlo

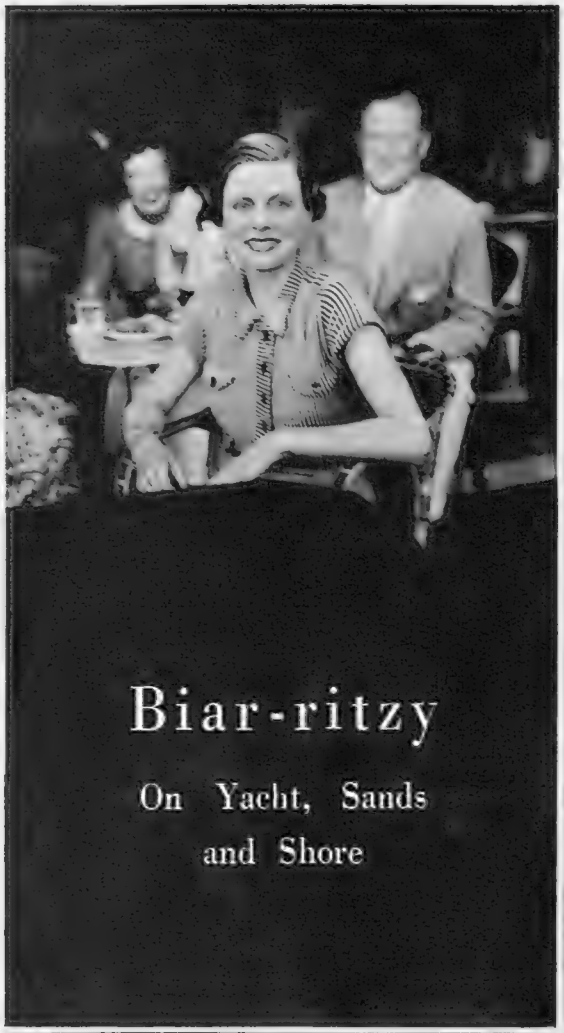
THE Lido season is just ending: Princess Jane has already left for Rome, but there are concerts still to be held in Venice. Miss Peggy Johnson has been over at Brioni, which is only three-quarters of an hour from the Lido by aeroplane. By sea and round the coast by Trieste it is a long way, as I expect Captain and Mrs. Cunningham Reid found in their lovely green motor-boat, Lizard. The weather was a bit rough, and they did not want to repeat the experience of their last crossing from Cannes to Corsica, when their steering went. So they waited for finer weather. Miss Marjorie Glasgow, recently engaged, but without her fiancé, has been in Brioni also: I gather it is like a large family party there.

VILLA D'ESTE is now the place to be visited (for September is the best month) by cosmopolitan society, which will move on about mid-October to Paris, and try to exist until Christmas—when it will scatter like pigeons to St. Moritz, Sestriéres, and the South of France. They must find life very hard.

THERE is life still at Monte Carlo and Cannes, where the Follies are a huge success at the former, and at the latter an old friend, Victor, has the principal night-clubs, both in and outdoor.

DEAUVILLE has finished its Grande Saison: Mr. Michael Farmer has been entertaining there. He gave a large party at Brummell's which included Lady Warwick, Sir Hugh Seely, Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, and my very revered colleague, "Uncle Regular," con memsahib.

MR. PEEPS



Biar-ritzy

On Yacht, Sands and Shore

Left: Lady Mappin, the pretty young wife of Sir Charles Mappin, seen at the Bar Basque sheltering from a short, sharp shower. Previous to her marriage, Lady Mappin was Miss Ann Gordon Duff. Dimly in the background on the left is Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes

Below: Mrs. Charles Gerard wearing a blue bathing-dress and Mr. Charlie Birkin, who is Mrs. Dudley Ward's brother

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hanke (June Child that was), new arrivals at Biarritz. She is Mme. Davila de Pena's daughter

All Aboard and Abroad

On board the s.y. Princess. Mr. Douglas Berry, Sir Gomer Berry's third son, and Miss Georgina Wakefield-Saunders, whose parents live near Sandwich and have a house in Hyde Park Gardens

From Just Across the Border

The Marquesa Marino, one of the greatest Spanish beauties of to-day. She possesses wiry black hair, worn short and brushed glossy, a warm brunette colouring, and dazzling teeth. The Marquesa was photographed on the terrace of the villa owned by the Marques di Portago

Down the Garden Path

Leslie Henson—Horticulturus Superbus (Latin)

" No higher than a bird can soar . . . "
" You were conducted to a gentle bath "
HENRY VI. AND CORIOLANUS

" Picked out the dullest scent "
TAMING OF THE SHREW

" Leave that labour to great Hercules "
TAMING OF THE SHREW

" Then to your offices and let me rest "
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

WHEN not occupied in starring for Gaumont-British on the films or acting on the stage, Leslie Henson's hobby, as shown above, is gardening. Undeterred by the fear of arousing jealousy in the breast of Mr. Beverley Nichols, he tends his blossoms with loving care and, it is rumoured, has a pet name for each and every one. To see him defending his fragile plants against the dangerous onslaught of grub, caterpillar and aphis makes one realise that the age of chivalry in not yet dead in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood

Nijinsky—Father a

A Strange Coincidence

En l'Air

Kyra Nijinska, the daughter of the famous dancer, leaps with studied grace

THE new revue, "Streamline," which has been produced at the Manchester Opera House, will shortly be coming to the Palace Theatre. The book is by A. P. Herbert and Ronald Jeans, and the music by Vivian Ellis. Dancing is featured strongly, and Kyra Nijinska brings a classical note to the revue, while other dancers included in the cast are Jack Holland and June Hart, Tilly Losch and La Jana. The illustrations on this page are from the well-known collection of Mr. A. W. King, connected for twenty-five years with the production of Russian Ballet

A reproduction from a Buenos Aires newspaper showing Nijinsky and Karsavina in "The Spectre of the Rose," by Weber

NIJINSKY, the gr
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Nijinsky

the famous father of Kyra Nijinska, in a characteristic pose from the ballet "Carnival"

ar d Daughter

ce Dates

e gre st of Russian dancers, may be said to have fame in pre-war days. He captured the public such a extent that the greatest interest was taken ity ba as artist and man. It was not surprising, when he was travelling between Rio and Buenos Aires came ssy when he announced his engagement to a Rus n Ballet Company, Mlle. Romola de Pulska, ly w en memoirs, published last autumn, created sensa on. Nijinsky, was News. The wedding took mber , 1913, and now, twenty-two years afterwards day, is only daughter, Kyra Nijinska, is making arance in London at the Palace Theatre in an in C. B. Cochran's latest revue, "Streamline." wever does not end there. If these photographs of are mpared with the portrait of the father, it ow se is the resemblance between the two, while oint interest lies in the fact that Kyra Nijinska will fathe steps and appear in a dance, which she is ng hi made famous by Nijinsky in pre-war days

Left: a portrait of Waslaw Nijinsky taken at the time of his wedding in 1913. The extraordinary resemblance between him and his daughter, as seen in the photographs on the left and right, will be noted

Right: a drawing of Kyra Nijinska by N. Legat, famous in the Ballet world, who has used the license allowed a caricaturist by emphasising the muscular development of his victim's legs, which among dancers is always pronounced

Photographs of Kyra Nijinska by Audrey and Leslie Elsteb

GRETEL: from the Camera Study by John Everard

A Racing Reverie

Racing at Limerick

Sir Ernest Goff, the Irish sportsman from Co. Waterford, and his sister, seen enjoying the sport at Limerick Junction Races

The Derby Summer Meeting

Mr. Tom Coulthwaite engaged in conversation with Lady Noreen Bass at Derby

Derby Racing and Doncaster Sales

By "Regular"

IF ever a horse looked a certainty for a race, that horse is Windsor Lad for the Leger. I am not pretending that there is anything very original about that statement, but the Derby winner's victory at York stamped him, to my mind, as one of the best horses I had ever seen.

I WATCHED the race with Michael Beary, and on the step behind us was Windsor Lad's trainer, Marcus Marsh. It will be remembered that Windsor Lad was giving lumps of weight away all round. The field set off at a great pace, and under the circumstances I expected Smirke to ride a waiting race.

NOT a bit of it: he went along with the pacemakers, and when we saw him hit the front fully five furlongs from home, Michael and I gasped simultaneously. "Smirke's gone mad." "No he hasn't," came from between Marcus's clenched teeth, "he 's doing what he 's been told to do."

INSTEAD of slackening his speed, as you might expect from a horse carrying 9 st. 9 lb., Windsor Lad pricked his ears, and strode on to the winning post, just as far in front as his jockey wished him to be.

MARCUS MARSH explained these tactics to me afterwards. He felt that Windsor Lad required a real good gallop before the St. Leger, and he was determined that he should get it. "To-day's race," he argued, "will have done him more good than any three gallops I could have given him at home."

EVERYONE was delighted to see Bahram win the Gimcrack Stakes, a not entirely negligible reason being that we had all laid the odds to far more than we could afford, and another being that it will enable the Aga Khan once again to air his views at the Gimcrack dinner.

AFTER years of application, some of us become proficient at one particular subject; the Aga Khan, on the other hand, is not only proficient, but his advice is eagerly sought on a couple of dozen subjects. The Aga has not only a brilliant brain, but he works harder than any man I have ever met.

I HAD the good fortune to sit opposite his Highness at dinner at Deauville recently, and, although racing is my job, I freely admit that he has forgotten more about the breeding side of the game than I shall ever know. Further proof of the Aga's wonderful physique was evidenced by the fact that it was midnight before we left for the Casino, and when I left at 2.15, he was still there. At 8.30 the following morning, however, he was on the first tee, ready to drive off against Henry Cotton.

BAHRAM, unlike his owner, is a very lazy individual, but whereas laziness in a human being is unpardonable, in a horse, who invariably "enjoys" the assistance of a jockey with a whip, it is an excellent quality.

BAHRAM ran so lazily in the Gimcrack that Dick Perryman had to give him one with the whip. "However, when I hit him," his jockey told me afterwards, "he went so fast I nearly fell out the back."

A FEW people, not realising how lazy Bahram is, expressed themselves as dissatisfied with his display. Frank Butters, with whom I watched the race, however, was quite satisfied, and it may easily be, as Gordon Richards remarked to me as Bahram cantered to the post: "We 've just seen this year's Derby winner; there goes next."

WE regulars are superstitious folk, and the spectacle of Sir Richard Sykes pursuing a hunchback occasioned no surprise, while the hunchback himself, in all probability employed by the executive for the convenience of their patrons, appeared blissfully unconcerned. Proof of the excellence of this good man's luck-bringing qualities lay in the fact that the horse won, and no doubt Sir Richard regrets having lost sight of him, or he would like to take him to Doncaster next week, when the Sledmere yearlings are to be sold.

FROM what I saw of these yearlings at Sledmere last week, however, the commonsense of buyers rather than the presence of a hunchback is all that is required for this famous establishment to secure a record sale.

VERY often, when you go round a stud, three or four yearlings stand out; this year at Sledmere there are at least a dozen, any of which might make top price.

AFTER the Deauville Sales, the cathedral atmosphere of Doncaster may strike some of us as a trifle sombre. At Deauville four gentlemen occupy the rostrum, all speaking at the same time, and gesticulating with typical Gallic abandon, while opposite them a bearded individual drones "Cinq cents," denoting that someone in his vicinity has bid a further five-hundred francs.

AT Doncaster, in a silence only broken by the neighing of excited yearlings, High Priest Somerville Tattersall mounts the rostrum in much the same way that one of our leading clerics mounts the pulpit. There is a further short silence, during which H.P.S.T. gives a blessing and offers up a short prayer for the further glory of the British thoroughbred, coupled with the names of Tattersall and Deane. Then the fun starts.

IN a voice rich with emotion, Mr. Tattersall presents us with these choice offerings of horseflesh, and explains the untold blessings we should enjoy should we become their owners. When there is a lull in the bidding, Mr. Tattersall gives us a look of pitying scorn: "Oh, fools, to throw away such a chance," he seems to say, until heads begin to nod again, and you and I, realising that the limit of our purchasing power is a ticket in a five-bob raffle, creep ashamedly away.

A Desert Hotspur

Jack Hulbert in "The Camels Are Coming"

Left: Jack Hulbert and Peggy Simpson in a scene from the film, "The Camels Are Coming." It will be observed that there is strong similarity in the attitude of the tired lady and the mule on which she rides. As for Jack Hulbert, during the course of his adventures in the desert, he flies an aeroplane and finds no difficulty in riding gallant steeds, be they mule, horse, or camel. Jack Hulbert plays the part of a Squadron-Leader of British aeroplanes, and the mistakes he makes all seem to accrue to his own advantage in the end, as is customary in films but not in real life

Anna Lee

Above: a "close-up" of a rising film-star, Anna Lee, who plays with Jack Hulbert in "The Camels Are Coming" and will be here soon

Right: Jack Hulbert—but would you recognise him plus a beard, but minus the chin?

Round the Shows

George Dallison

Florence Desmond

Above: Florence Desmond, who takes the principal part in "Streamline," the new revue, produced in Manchester, which is shortly coming to the Palace Theatre

Some Queer Cargo in "Queer Cargo"

Vibart (Franklin Dyall), the bold, bad pirate, at the Piccadilly Theatre, makes himself offensively polite to the harassed heroine, Charmian Warren (Mary Brackley) in a melodrama full of thrill

Sasha

"The Shining Hour"

At the St. James's: David Linden (Raymond Massey), declares his love to his sister-in-law, Mariella (Gladys Cooper)

Walter Bird

Left: Enid Cruickshank, as Queen Elizabeth in "Merrie England," at Prince's

George Dallison

Right: Norah Howard in "Streamline," where she appears as Madam Napoleon

All on a Golfin' Holiday

At Gleneagles Hotel Links

Left: Mr. John Ramsden and Lady Catherine Willoughby outside the club-house

Below: A game in progress. The Duke of Norfolk with the Hon. Esmé Glyn and Lady Carew Pole

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Mr. Kenneth Thornton and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton. Before her marriage she was Miss Angela Brett

Above: Lady Violet Baring, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cromer, and Lady Elizabeth Coke, only daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke

Left: a quartette. Mr. Eaton Smith, Viscount Elibank, Viscountess Tiverton, and Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Departures and Arrivals

Miss Anne Wingate Grey, daughter of Major W. S. Wingate Grey on the links at North Berwick

On the Children's course at North Berwick. Lady Annaly with her son, the Hon. Luke White

Lady Isabel Manners and Lady Ursula Manners, the two daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, who have been spending a holiday in North Berwick

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THE most important event in the golfing world at the minute is naturally the sailing of the British team for the other side of the Atlantic. One must be very careful how one expresses that. Miss Chambers, at Euston, was very particular in her instructions to the Press that, while in Canada, they were the British Touring Team (British-Canadian were her exact words), and became the British International Team when they went over the frontier to take on the United States of America. It seems rather a distinction without a difference, though I quite see that the match against Canada is not an international match, but a within-the-Empire family affair. However, the team is the same team, and in right good fettle they all seemed, bearing up bravely under the explosions of flashlight photographers, and the good wishes and last words of L.G.U. officials, friends, families, even dogs, and all looking pictures of health and happiness. "Marvellous" will, no doubt, describe their time a good deal more accurately than much to which that overworked word is generally applied. Their captain-manager, Miss Doris Chambers, was in the best spirits of all, and that alone is worth at least two shots a round to every member of the team. Faith in your team is almost as important as their own will to win.

I HOPE you have taken due note of the fact that yet another golfer who first tried her wings in the Girls' Championship has now earned a Championship title. Miss Toni Ramsden is the golfer, the Swedish the Championship, and I feel quite sure that the title was deserved and will spur its owner on to even greater heights than she has scaled already. She never won the Girls'. In 1927, the year after her sister was runner-up in it, she beat Miss Kitty Beard in the first round; whereupon Miss Mary Beard fell upon her in the next and took sisterly revenge. (It is so easy to fall back into the old names. I ought to have spoken of Miss Kitty as Mrs. Alan Hickman, and Miss Mary as Mrs. Golden, and reminded you that Miss Margaret Ramsden is Mrs. Satchell. The girls do get married at such a rate!) The next year Miss Ramsden was too old, and, a good many other things intervening, her first outstanding win of anything was the Roehampton Gold Cup in 1933, which she walked off with under the nose of Miss Enid Wilson and all the other big-wigs. Middlesex thought to bring on her game in the best way by giving her experience in their second team rather than their first, but there was no doubt about her place in 1934 or the quality of her golf, and now, if Sweden gives her confidence, she ought to be even more valuable to them next year. In percentage of wins she could hardly do better: seven wins to one loss was her record, but she may well be played higher in the team in 1935, and that will undoubtedly help Middlesex.

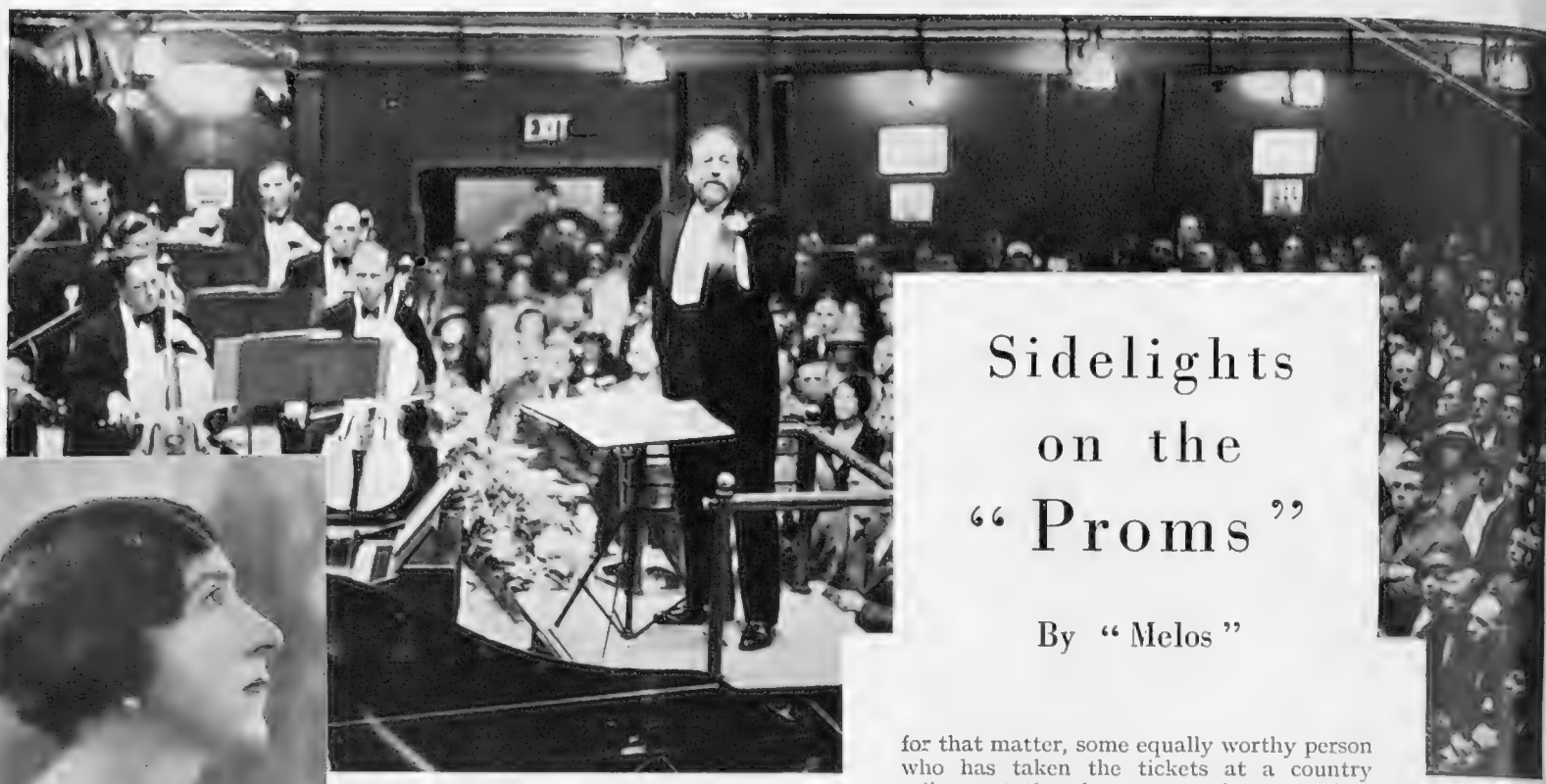
It is, on the whole, a pretty good draw for the Girls' Championship, with the foolish exception of the two North Foreland entrants, Miss Lester and Miss Montford having drawn each other. The four Scottish entries are well distributed, one in each quarter, Miss Betty Frost, the South African golfer, pretty well removed from the players who, I think, are most likely to come through to the final. Who those are, I would not say for the world. And I am quite certain that nobody else knows, for the majority of names are fresh this year. At all events, the rain has come in good time, if not in good quantity, and Stoke Poges ought to be lovely.

I ALWAYS think there is something dramatic about watching the draw for any Championship; you feel that so much hangs on who plays who, and when. I don't think it makes so very much difference as to who wins the whole thing; the best player would generally fight her way through any opposition, whenever she met it, but plenty of players get through to a semi-final by the luck of meeting no tigers in the early stages, while far better than they go out at once through drawing somebody of their own calibre.

I have heard rumours of Scotland wishing to introduce a seeded draw for their championship; I wonder. At all events, no BYSTANDER event has ever been treated in any such way, nor do I mean to begin now; the luck of the counters, each with its non-committal number thereon, must do its best or worst. But I do always feel that it matters more in a Girls' Championship than elsewhere; encouragement, or its opposite, means such a lot when a golfer's game is only in the forming; a bit of luck now may end in an entirely different subsequent career. However, it is no good worrying about that.

After all, the best luck that can befall anybody is to be on their game, when they need not worry unduly about anybody else's. I have just seen the new cheap edition of Henry Cotton's little book on golf, published by Eyre and Spottiswoode at half-a-crown. It has a sub-title: "Being a short treatise for the use of young people who aspire to proficiency in the Royal and Ancient Game." So now, young people, you can know what the Open Champion thinks about it. Let me tell you that it is a most excellent little book, extremely clear, and not at all the old-fashioned, heavy instruction that the sub-title suggests. Experienced golfers, as well as those for whom it is ostensibly written, can learn plenty from it. I hope you have read it yourself. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.



Sidelights on the "Proms"

By "Melos"

Sir Henry Wood Conducting at a Promenade Concert at Queen's Hall

Two records achieved in one year in a country traditionally (and quite erroneously) said to be unmusical, is a feat in itself. Covent Garden has remained open until well into August, with a large proportion of its audiences as fashionably splendid and even as decorative as those in June. And the last night of Covent Garden coincided with the first night of the "Proms" at Queen's Hall—the first night of the fortieth season.

The "Proms" have long been labelled an institution. They are none the worse for that, and no better, for some institutions are perfectly horrible. Nor is there any great merit in the fact that Sir Henry Wood has conducted them for forty years. I read without any thrill almost daily of some worthy old gentleman who has been an organist and choirmaster for sixty years, or, for that matter, some equally worthy person who has taken the tickets at a country railway station for an even longer period. The debt the musical world owes to Sir Henry is not so much his length of service as the value of it. The "Proms" are concerts for which we are grateful, not because they have cropped up year after year for a great number of years, but because they have been *progressive*.

One word more about Sir Henry, who has already had his fill of eulogies and has deserved every one of them. There is a tendency to regard him as the "Honest Dobbin" of British music and to under-rate his position as a conductor because he is "safe" and has worked so hard for so long. That is all nonsense. Of course, he is "safe"—and knows his job thoroughly. But he is a great deal more than that. He is a very fine conductor indeed, and a far better one than some who are dubbed brilliant and galvanic and all the rest of it, but who do the most fantastic things and are obsessed with "new readings."

(Continued on page 492)

Joseph Hislop

Above: Dorothy Silk

Centre: Conchita Supervia

Benno Moiseiwitch

The celebrated pianist, who has lived in England since 1908 and made his début at Queen's Hall in 1909

Parry Jones

Whose beautiful tenor voice has often been heard in opera

Below: Queen's Hall Interlude: Refreshments in the Interval

Rhapsody in Black

Colour at the Coliseum

Valaida

The principal of Lew Leslie's "Blackbirds of 1934" is Valaida, an artist of versatility. She is seen above, playing the piano and on the right singing one of the lighter numbers which are a feature of this Harlem Rhapsody. The other picture on the page is of Nyas Berry, whose dancing stands out even in a company in which the standard is extraordinarily high. An impression of this entertainment by our dramatic critic appears on page 456

Nyas Berry

The Coon with the twinkling feet

Valaida

Deserting the piano for song and dance

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Snowden, Scotland and the New Forest

By A. G. Macdonell

IN 1902, when England wanted fifteen runs to win a Test Match against Australia and there was one more wicket to fall, a Yorkshireman named Wilfred Rhodes joined a Yorkshireman named George Hirst as batsmen. They were England's last line of defence. Hirst went to meet Rhodes as he came in. "Wilfred," he said, "we 'll get these in singles." And they did. There is a very great deal of the spirit of Yorkshire contained in that story. And that spirit shines through all the lives of the great Yorkshiremen. Stubborn, straight, clear-thinking, simple-minded, and utterly oblivious of defeat, they are all the same. One of these great men is writing his autobiography, Viscount Snowden of Ickornshaw (Ivor Nicholson and Watson ; 21*s.*), and the first volume has just appeared, covering the years from 1864-1919. It is Yorkshire through and through. Born in a tiny house in a tiny village, Philip Snowden had to make his own way from the very start, and he did it by hard work, and still more, it seems to me, by his vital interest in everything that he came across. He hurled himself into everything that came his way with enormous and unflagging zest—politics, work, self-education, temperance, amateur theatricals, archæology, anything. Gradually, politics took the first place in the young man's thoughts and activities, and he moved steadily to the Left, from Liberalism to Radicalism, and, at last, over the dividing gap into the ranks of the new Independent Labour Party. In 1900 he stood for the first time as a Parliamentary candidate, at Blackburn. It was estimated by the local Tories that he would poll 500. He polled 7095, and the local Tories were utterly staggered. It shows the esteem in which this brilliant young man was held by his contemporaries, that he was elected National Chairman of the I.L.P. at the age of thirty-nine. In 1906 Mr. Snowden was triumphantly elected for Blackburn.

Lord Snowden's description of the Liberal Government of the pre-war years is intensely interesting, as the Labour point of view in those eventful sessions has been too little touched upon by historians. In the death-grapple between Liberals and Tories over Ireland and the Lords, the busy little allies of the Government came in for small attention. Then came the war years, in which Lord Snowden joined Mr. MacDonald in maintaining the pure, out-and-out pacifist attitude. This is not the place to join in the controversy or to discuss the rights and wrongs of it. Let us simply record, what I believe to be true, that Lord Snowden's bitterest enemies have never regarded him as anything but utterly fearless. One small point : Lord Snowden ought not to have printed the untrue statement about the "homes for heroes." Mr. Lloyd George did not promise them. He said it was the nation's task to provide them. A very different thing. And Lord Snowden must know it.

MR. JOHN C. MOORE has written a very charming little guide-book, *The New Forest* (Chapman and Hall ; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is full of the strange, the unique atmosphere of the Forest. You get it nowhere else in England, not even in what is left of Sherwood. The New Forest is a thing apart. "The *ancientness* of the Forest," says Mr. Moore, "is something very different from the comfortable antiquity of English manor-houses and sunny glebes. . . . It has a quality of darkness, there is something a little disquieting about it." Whether it is the grim shadow of the Conqueror, or whether it is the haunting presence of the great god Pan that makes the disquiet is another matter. Perhaps there is a little of both. At any rate, it is a strange and fascinating place. Mr. Moore scouts the old text-book story that the Conqueror laid waste villages and churches to "let in the jungle." It has always been a barren, sandy soil that could never have been any use for housing a rich, agricultural population. It must always have been woodland, and all that William did was to re-afforest 17,000 acres that had been reclaimed by the English peasantry.

Mr. Moore rode on horseback through the Forest, to Mudeford, where Sir Walter stayed, to Beaulieu, to Brockenhurst and Lymington. Then he continued his journey less romantically in a motor-car, and broke down for his pains, and went on again on foot. It was on foot that he reached the Rufus stone, and he devotes several interesting pages to this unsolved mystery. Mr. Moore certainly marshals the known facts about that dark deed in such a way as to make it jump to the eyes that the time-honoured story of Sir Walter Tyrrell and his glancing arrow is all my eye and Betty Martin. Mr. Moore includes some most diverting Appendices on the subject of Venery and "the Proper Names, Seasons, Degrees, and Ages of the Beastes of Forrest, Chase, and Warren," and also two extremely silly pages about golf, from which it appears that he would have ridden his horse across a green without caring whether it spoilt the enjoyment of others. And yet he confesses himself a devotee of cricket. Would he like a horseman to ride down a pitch in the middle of a game ? Two foolish pages, which somehow marred my enjoyment of the rest.

ANOTHER sort-of-guide-book is Mr. W. S Percy's *Strolling Through Scotland* (Collins ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), illustrated by the author. He is a bold man who follows in the line of Mr. H. V. Morton with no other equipment than a pleasant flow of unobtrusive words. Mr. Percy is, I fancy, an Australian. Hence his admiration, otherwise quite inexplicable, for Adam Lindsay Gordon, the young Scot who emigrated to Australia, wrote some verse, and is now enshrined in a tablet in Westminster Abbey in Poet's Corner. Mr. Percy quotes one of Gordon's rather more soggy quatrains, and adds : "A man who could write this and live up to it, needs no biography," a sentiment with which I heartily concur. But I do not wish to be unduly critical. Mr. Percy is a naïve writer, and no one can be cross with naïveté. He takes pleasure, for instance, in discovering that Writers to the Signet in Edinburgh put "W. S." after their names, whereas he puts "W. S." before his. This sort of thing is completely disarming. And his illustrations, both in line and colour, are very much like the writing—simple, unpretentious, modest. They will never set Bond Street on fire, but I am sure Mr. Percy got a lot of fun out of doing them.

Yevonde

Doris Leslie

Author of "Full Flavour," published by the Bodley Head, recommended by the American Book of the Month Club. The subject deals with a firm of tobacconists and is founded on fact

Bassano

Doreen Wallace

whose new novel, "Barnham Rectory" (Collins), is the Book Society's choice for September

Fashions

By Jean Burnup

Photos: Scaioni's Studio

YOU always need one special little dress that you can rely on for every kind of occasion; something that you can wear to start the day and, if necessary, wear to end the day. Here is the dress, then, at the top right of the page. It is black novelty crêpe, simple as it should be, but very good looking, with its slimming cross-over bodice enlivened by a froth of lace frill. A short sash cut into the dress ties in front. The price is 98/6, and you can order it from Marshall & Snelgrove in most of the new colours.

THE dress above is something more sumptuous for cocktail time and after. It is one unbroken line from throat to slit hem, with clever treatment at the waist, where two flat, rounded ends tie. The material is metal velvet—very new—gold on black, deeply emphasised at the neck and waist by a golden sprinkle of pailettes.

AND now for a gown that would make any evening a success. The dress at the right is softly gleaming tissue in a subtle pink. The hem has discreet slits, and a little train, the décolletage is very low, both back and front, so, if you feel cold, there is a wisp of chiffon cape to wear with it, the pink of a shell, with trailing feathers for softness. Both models from Marshall and Snelgrove.

Tweeds for Travel and Country Wear

BEIGE and brown tweed suit. The straight knee-length coat with its intricately worked pockets has a loose lining and revers in the white, beige and brown striped kasha which also makes the blouse. *Creed.*

LEFT: cape suit of loose tweed in rich tones of brown, orange and beige trimmed with bronze Alaska seal. Turtle neck orange sweater. *Creed.*

Bond Street and Roundabout

By Jean Burnup

Edmiston

LOOK at this little group. Women with stage hands, women with soft, white hands will recognise Ess Viotto as a loyal, helpful friend. It is magical. After washing, you smoothe a few drops on to the hands. Immediately they feel grand and look decorative.

Ess Viotto is a Bronnley product, and knowing it you should also know their day and night creams and their bath soap. They are all in the great conspiracy to smooth, cleanse, stimulate and whiten your skin.

The santal bath-soap is especially good, with its faint sandalwood perfume.

THERE are three reasons why I am almost glad that summer is almost over.

First, it means that I am nearly at the end of other people's holidays.

If there is anything more destructive to the soul than listening to the accounts of their gorgeous times, when your own are weeks behind you, it is looking at the photographs and small movies they took.

"That's me" ("me" is a small blob) "at the left. Of course, it looks small, but the idea was to get the mountain in." . . . "That's the sun setting on the lake." . . . "That's the old market square."

Second, we are lighting fires in the evenings.

Third, English women are to be seen on the street in what might be called their national costume, tweeds, tailor-mades, in which, summer glories notwithstanding, it must be admitted they look their best.

There are some women who can walk into any shop and walk out again in new clothes with every seam fitting, as if born for them. And for women in a hurry, most of the stores have different sizes in suits, and expert fitters who can achieve miracles of alterations.

All the same, it is safer and wiser to have your suits tailored for you.

I have been looking at unfinished and finished suits in Debenham and Freebody's made-to-measure department. Most of them are made from original designs by Monsieur Habetin, who conducts this department. But they will copy models or follow your own ideas. Whatever they do, workmanship is perfect, fabrics best in the world.

They had just finished a Donegal tweed three-piece suit which can look severely country or smartly town: it is just a matter of accessories.

It consists of a straight, severe skirt, a three-quarter coat, and an unlined cardigan jacket, slightly fitting.

There is another soft tweed suit in a lovely cocoa shade with wide capes on each sleeve—this is a good and smart line—a short hip-length coat, and wide brown suède belt.

Waistcoats are fashion news again, and good news. Many of these suits are made with waistcoats for company. Say "thank you" to the nice gentlemen for letting women steal the idea.

* * *

IF you are one of those people who plan your clothes well ahead, it is time to start thinking of winter coats.

You won't need to do much thinking if you look at some I saw at Debenham's. The only thought will be to decide which *not* to have.

There is a black, rough woollen, warm as toast, but light on the shoulders, astrakhan trimmed.

The fur stands up away from the face, droops a little, then sweeps flat back on to the shoulders. Very smart, indeed.

I fell with a bang for a bright coat in red, black, and white knobbly tweed. It looked simple at first sight. At second sight, it showed its versatility.

A rounded rever buttons at the left side to the throat, or can be worn open. Three buttons lie on the right side to match. Two longish widening scarf-ends can form a carelessly-tied scarf, can do up on to the two sets of buttons, hang loose, or can be fastened underneath the belt. Worn like this, it looks like a skirt and short belted coat.

If you are the kind of woman who can wear a velvet coat in the afternoon—and make certain first that you are—there is the one for you in this department. It is brown velvet, a long fitting, unbroken line to the ankles, with a soft-draped neckline.

The sleeves end in wide wrist cuffs, heavy with fitch. Fitch and brown velvet is as inevitable a combination as eggs and bacon, bows and arrows, Burns and Allen. This is for dressy afternoons and evening wear.

* * *

IT is all very well having a diamanté handbag—it glitters and is smart and looks expensive. But its great fault is that it is almost as catty as your cat, scratching and catching in everything.

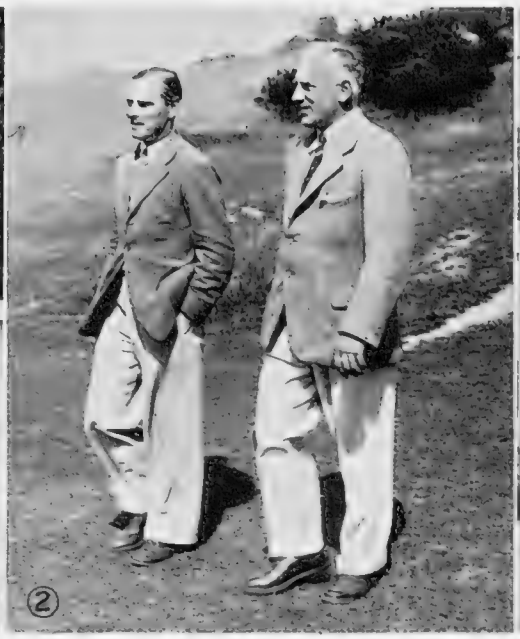
Here, they have stepped in with a diamanté evening bag that can't hurt the tenderest, most susceptible clothes. Winking, shining, the diamanté are set in little flat, smooth, coloured cups instead of in the little claws that did the damage.

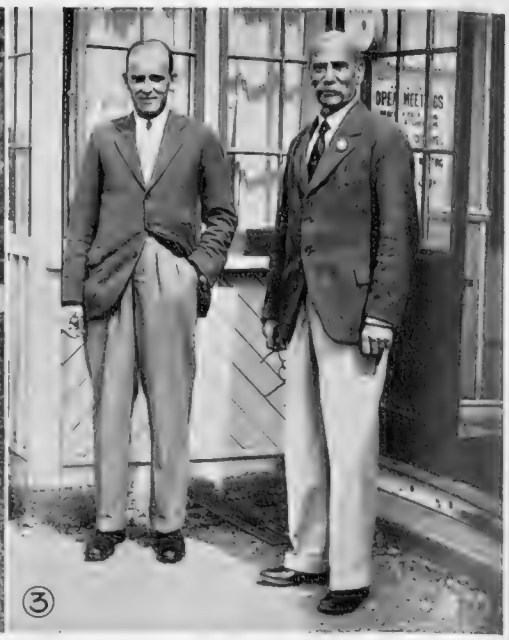
There is also a new idea in the day-bag department—a black seal bag which has something different to say. Instead of the usual loop to hold it by, there is an opening at the bottom of the bag just large enough for the fingers to tuck in comfortably with a good grip.

It must be irritating to the person who thought of this to see that women continue to tuck their bags under their arms as usual.

CALL this a turban, a pork pie, a toque, or just a little flat hat made of chestnut velvet, trimmed with two feathers standing up at the back.

Jane Blanchot





Golf Clubs at Home

Captain's Prize Day at St. Leonard's-on-Sea

(1) E. T. Heron, J.P. (President), and C. L. Danks (Chairman of Committee). (2) A. G. Hide and F. D. Rowestone (Captain-elect). (3) A. Kelt (Captain) and Lt.-Col. Needham-Smith (Hon. Sec.). (4) D. K. Bourne (Committeeman) and A. G. Bishop (winner of Hospital Cup recently). (5) R. C. Bramley and Capt. R. B. Marwood, R.N. (6) C. B. Sharpe (tied for first prize) and Capt. J. N. Taylor. (7) George Western (not wearing his Old School Tie) and Frederic Gregory. (8) F. Judge (ex-Captain) and R. Murray. (9) W. T. Hunt (tied with C. B. Sharpe for first prize) and A. M. Davies

The Date for International Golf

By F. G. L. Fairlie

I HAVE received a letter from Troon on the subject of a recent article of mine, which, although signed by a nom-de-plume, is in no way anonymous, since I am given the address of the writer and his name. I am not actually certain that my correspondent intends his identity to be concealed under his pseudonym, for he signs his name in brackets underneath it, but I am grateful to him for his letter and, rather than risk offending him, I am withholding his name. The letter arrived just too late to appear in last week's issue. Here it is:

"I was amazed to read in this week's BYSTANDER your remarks about the International matches. You refer to them contemptuously as an 'orgy,' and 'this absurd event.' I venture to say that if ever we are to put a successful Walker Cup team in the field, it will only be when people cease to look upon the International matches as 'absurd,' and recognise them not only as the best possible way, but the only possible way of getting hold of the best players. The alternative method of choosing players for the Walker Cup team on stale reputations is a miserable failure.

"The objection which you have to the International matches seems to be concerned with the date. That only affects England, and if a man does not consider the honour of being chosen to play for his country sufficient to make him put aside for one week his other interests, then there must be something seriously wrong with him.

"I note you would possibly approve of International matches being held immediately before the Amateur International. For my part, I believe that if such a course were adopted it would be impossible to get representative teams. Our young men have got to earn their living, and it would be impossible to get them together for a full fortnight as such a proposal would require.

"But the greatest objection to such a proposal is whoever heard of an International at the beginning of a season! Would you have the Rugby Internationals in October? The idea is absurd.

"The International teams ought to be chosen on the season's form, and not on last season's or on what a man did when he was at the University.

"In my opinion, a man ought to consider his place in the International team the next highest honour to winning the Championship. And I suggest that you would be doing a service to the game if you preached the real importance of the International matches, and urged the English players—who are the only stumbling-blocks—to smooth out their differences and put their best team in the field as judged by the season's play.

"I certainly feel very strongly about this, because I know what has been done for Scottish play, by various district matches and tournaments throughout the season, culminating in the International.

I am, yours faithfully,
AN OLD GOLFER."

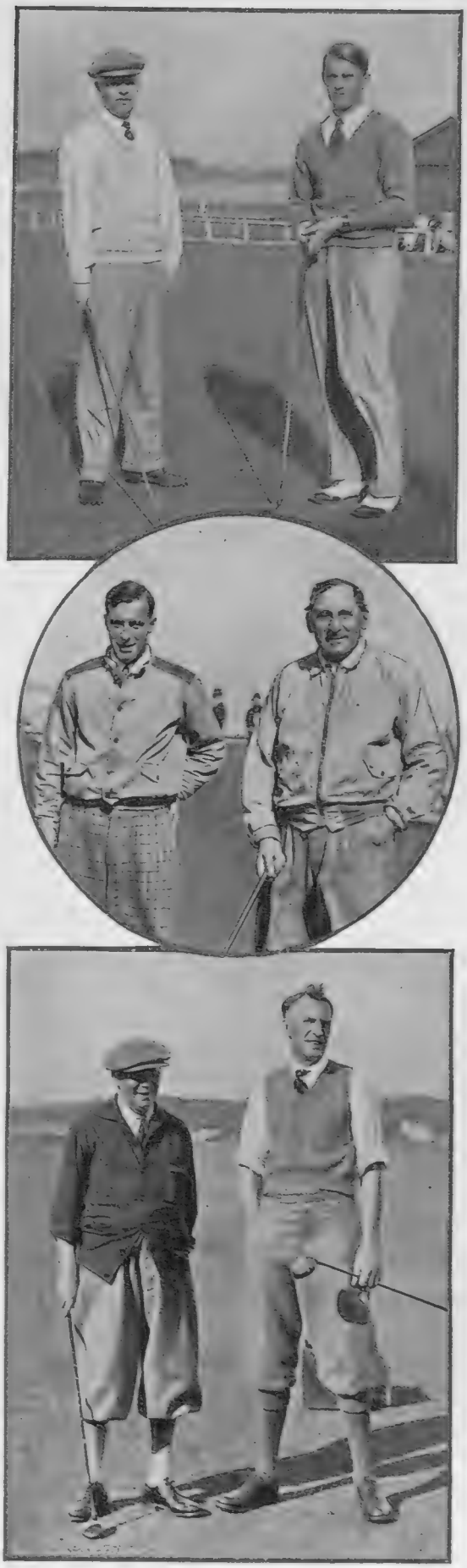
NOW, before discussing the points which my correspondent raises, I would like to thank him for sending me his letter, for it is only by the ventilation of outspoken opinions that any good can come to us with regard to that point which is exercising his mind—the successful outcome from our point of view of some future Walker Cup match.

I would like to assure him that I am in entire agreement with him when he tells me that to choose players for the Walker Cup team on stale reputations has been proved to be a miserable failure, and is, in fact, unsound in every way. I cannot agree with him, however, that the selection of a successful Walker Cup team in the field will only come about when the International matches are not treated as absurd and recognised as the best way of getting hold of the best players. This may be true—indeed, is true—of Scotland, and possibly Ireland and Wales as well, but it is certainly not true of England. The reason, I venture to reiterate, is purely and simply the date, for it may be quite impossible for a married man to go and play serious golf (*a*) when out of practice, and (*b*) when he is supposed to be shepherding his family through the dangers of the seaside. There is that other reason, which cannot be denied: in really hot weather golf is one of the last games that many want to play.

I DO not quite understand a man who signs himself as an old golfer asking "Who ever heard of an International match at the beginning of a season?" Well, as far as I know, all of us who take an interest in golf most certainly have, excepting my correspondent! The idea is not absurd, for, up to the time when the Golf Unions conceived this scheme of having an International week at a most unsuitable time, the International match between England and Scotland was always played on the Saturday previous to the Championship, and, in fact, a match between Ireland and the other countries was actually played at Troon in the week before the Amateur Championship held at Prestwick previous to this year's. Nobody objected to this date with regard to a difficulty about selecting the best players; it was not considered at the beginning of the season, and quite rightly, for by that time several of the principal amateur events of the year had taken place and form was pretty well-known.

With regard to my correspondent's point that our young men have got to earn their living and that it would be impossible to get them together for a full fortnight in which would be played both the International matches and the Amateur Championship, then I can only point out that most of our young men definitely utilise the full week before the Amateur Championship in practice. What better practice than in competitive International golf?

With regard to his paragraph dealing with the English players, I am in entire and absolute agreement. Something is obviously very wrong . . . but it is not with the players themselves nearly so much as with the English Union, which has failed lamentably to inspire any loyalty or even respect in English golfers. Let us face the plain fact: English golfers have no use for the English Union. Very few of them consider the "England" team anything but an amateurish outline of who might conceivably have a chance if there was such a thing as a real England side.



The Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews

Top: Capt. G. B. C. Stevens, last year's winner of the Jubilee Vase competition over the old course, and Mr. W. S. How. Circle: Mr. Hugh M. Price and Mr. Bernard Darwin, Captain-Elect of the R. and A. Bottom: Major M. Crawley Boevey and Lord Balfour of Burleigh

Young Amateurs at the Oval

R. West (Rugby), who bowled exceedingly well for Surrey, in action at the Oval against Middlesex, watched with interest by Umpire Jack Durston, the old England and Middlesex fast-bowler

Good-bye to Cricket

By "Finger Spin"

THE Scarborough and Folkestone Festivals are making a brave and gay attempt to prolong the cricket season, but in truth, the big business is over, although the village fixture-list is by no means yet closed. I have the greatest respect for those cricketers who refuse to allow the footballers to butt in until the last possible moment, but no one can pretend that cricket is really an enjoyable game in mid-September. It is poor enough playing with a ball soaked with dew and having to stop early in the evening just when you are warmed up and beginning to enjoy yourself, but it is infinitely worse having to watch, sitting huddled up in an overcoat, a game which means little more than an occasion for So-and-so to take his 100th wicket, or Such-and-such, a batsman, to make his 1000th run of the season.

AND yet, now I come to think of it, those were great times in the days of the old Hastings Festival, when one had a chance of seeing such immensely illustrious players as "W. G." himself, Jessop, and such-like. Which just goes to prove that it is the name, and not necessarily the game, which draws the people and their shillings. Possibly, the average man does not know much more about cricket than he did forty years ago, but various incidents, sometimes extraneous to the game itself, has made cricket more popular as a spectacle—and this is a fact, in spite of what old gentlemen say in their letters to the newspapers—about cricket being dead and dull—all of which they try to prove with graphs and tables.

IF there were a "W. G." playing cricket to-day, there would not be a ground in the country capable of holding the crowd who would come to see him, wherever and whenever he played. As it is, Bradman is the greatest of contemporary attractions, and it would be interesting to know what proportion of the crowd who went to the Test Matches were there to see Bradman rather than the match itself.

All of which has got absolutely nothing to do with the idea I had in mind when I started this article, which was to place on record my firm belief that, placing the Australians politely aside, this first-class season, as it affects the County Championship, has been a magnificent one. For this, no doubt we have in the main to be thankful for the weather; but there have been obvious indications that the players themselves, and especially the captains of counties, have done their utmost to give us cricket of the highest standard. Next to a Test Match, the game of the most importance is invariably Gent's v. Players, and could anything be better than the spirit in which that match was played this year? It killed stone dead all the complaints which are made about modern cricket, for the game came to life with an energy during those three days at Lord's which made all but the perpetual and inveterate grumblers dance with joy. So too, did many another county match which I was privileged to see this season, when I was not admiring the technical superiority of the Australian team.

KENT v. Surrey, at Blackheath, I remember in particular, when Kent, with Woolley in his most glorious mood, challenged Surrey and made a huge score in the fourth innings to win a remarkable match. The whole tone of the cricket in that match simply could not have been bettered. And as a result of it all, Lancashire have come out with the best percentage, and so are Champion County.

It is the fashion to belittle everything done by Lancashire on the assumption that they play dull cricket, which is definitely unfair. They are not a brilliant team in the meaning of the term of hitting sixes galore and running big risks to win a match outright, and they certainly have been lucky in the matter of winning the toss to such a ridiculous degree, but they have certain qualities, more especially in their out-cricket, which makes them thoroughly deserved Champions. Sussex seemed to have a better chance than ever of winning the Championship, but they shook a little at a most important period of the struggle. They were also distinctly unlucky in having Wensley, J. Parks, and their captain, A. Melville, out of the side at one time, for more than any other county they depend on a certain regular combination of players. Derbyshire for years have been a splendid side, without any special stars—although Townsend and Worthington might be called lesser stars—but with a remarkable balance and tremendous fighting power.

BUT if there is one county to be given a hearty pat on their collective backs, it is Warwickshire, who, with a splendid captain and some bright professionals, have consistently played the kind of cricket which people will pay to see. Some of their players are no longer as young as when one referred to them as young "So-and-so," by which I do not mean that they are anywhere near being old; but they are by now mature, and it is queer that they have not individually made a greater name for themselves. Yorkshire have had the poorest season, reckoned in figures, that they have had for many a year, which is accounted for by the continual absence of their best players for Test Matches and other swagger affairs; but no such excuse can be made in the case of Surrey and Middlesex, both of whom have been most disappointing. One individual in the Middlesex team, however, has come out with a fine reputation, and that is J. Smith, of whom many think an immense amount. Kent have been a delightful side to watch, but that dreadful lack of bowling has been a great handicap. In August, with all their amateurs in the side, they have been just about the best side in the country.

The Cricket Festival at Scarborough

Mr. Leveson-Gower, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, Viscount Lascelles, Lord Hawke, Lady Hawke, Dr. Geoffrey Thompson, Mrs. Leveson-Gower, and Mrs. Geoffrey Thompson grouped at the Scarborough ground, during the famous Festival. The match was Yorkshire versus the M.C.C.

Hitting the Ball at Henley

Impressions of Players and Officials at the Phyllis Court Club Hard-Court Tournament

By H. H. Harris

Left: Captain George Hamilton, R.N.R., of the General Committee

G. Davis having a bad time

Left: Brig.-Gen. E. S. Hoare-Nairne, C.B., C.M.G. (Chairman)

Right: an anxious moment for Miss M. Barrett

F. R. Burrow, Referee and Handicapper

Right: D. Rendle-Mervill, Hon. Sports Secretary

Left: C. J. Meads, Tournament Sec.

Mrs. J. B. Pittman was all smiles

D. K. Burnett

Miss E. Byass. A promising young player

Capt. Roy G. Finlay, Honorary Secretary

To Australia at 200 Miles an Hour?

By Charles Ward

Left: At Brooklands—Max Findlay, chief instructor, with two of his pupils, Vivian Van Damm, manager of the Windmill Theatre and creator of non-stop variety, and his daughter, Betti, who is in "Revudeville"

The Melbourne Centenary Air Race

CONSIDERABLE difficulty has been experienced in finding the right aerodrome from which to start competitors in the race to Australia. None of the London aerodromes, with the exception of Hatfield, has a good enough surface of sufficient size for high-speed heavily-laden machines, and Hatfield was found unsuitable owing to the lack of hangar accommodation for such a large number of visitors, who would, of necessity, have to be in possession of space for some weeks before the start. Through the co-operation of the Air Council, it has been possible to arrange for the use of Mildenhall, near Newmarket, a new R.A.F. aerodrome, for which personnel and equipment are not yet ready. The dimensions are considerably larger than the average civil aerodrome, the shortest run being 1100 yards and the longest, into the south-west, more than 1500 yards. Competitors are expected to arrive early next month, and of the 64 entries, between 40 and 50 should face the starter. There have been five cancellations to date, a Caudron entered by André Gueit, from Algiers; a Wedell-Williams from the Air Service Corporation, U.S.A.; a Comper "Kite" from Cudell Goetz, of Lisbon; a Moth, by William Courtenay; and a Dragon, by Alan S. Butler.

The Mayor of Plymouth hoisting the air-mail pennant on a "Dragon" belonging to Railway Air Services. This Company is carrying the mails between the South Coast, South Wales, the Midlands, Northern Ireland and Scotland

Records and Risks

THE world's air speed record by land aircraft exceeds 300 miles an hour, which gives an indication that quite a number of competitors should fly at 200 miles an hour over the longest air race-course that has yet been planned. Since the original flight by the late Sir Ross Smith to Australia, in 1919, there have been no more than thirty completed flights between the two countries. In spite of the successes of Cobham, Scott, Kingsford-Smith, Mollison, Hinkler, not forgetting the ladies, Amy Mollison and Jean Batten, the route is difficult in many respects, especially for piloting high-speed machines through monsoon weather and over jungle and mountains, where a safe landing is an impossibility. There is good news of the "Comet," built by de Havillands for three competitors and to be flown in each case by two pilots. Messrs. Rubin and Waller, present holders of the record from Australia to England, the Mollisons, and C. W. A. Scott are already familiar with the course, leaving only Tom Campbell Black, who is flying with Scott, as a stranger on the route. The insurance premiums are a fair guide to the risks involved. The leading American and British underwriters are quoting 20 per cent. for aircraft under £1000 in value; 15 per cent. above and including £10,000; 10 per cent. above £10,000, into which category the majority of the aircraft will be classed. There is a no-claim bonus of one-third of the premium. Pilots can insure themselves against total loss for 8 per cent., whilst death and spare parts will be covered for 10 per cent.

By Air to Foreign Parts

CAPTAIN E. W. PERCIVAL, designer of the "Gull," flew from Gravesend to Copenhagen for the Exhibition in fast time, taking four hours for the 640-mile journey and making the return flight in even better time. The Scandinavian countries are taking a keen interest in light aeroplanes, and British types have proved most popular. The Swiss Aero Club has recently acquired two Major Moths, and a similar machine is being delivered to Teheran for Lady Joan Hoare. Prince Ulrich Kinsky, of Austria, has a new Leopard Moth in which he has recently completed an extensive tour of Europe. Brian Lewis and Co. have just delivered a Leopard Moth to Signor Antonio Varaschini, of Tripoli.

Notes from Newtownards

THE opening of Ulster's first civil airport, by the Duke of Abercorn, took place according to plan, and Newtownards is already a centre of much flying activity. The present landing area is 50 acres in extent, which will be increased to 90 acres in a southerly and easterly direction. Accommodation includes one hangar containing the manager's office and stores, with a temporary club-house including offices, adjacent. The airport is one of eight centres in the British Isles equipped with wireless direction-finding apparatus, the others being Croydon, Lympne, Pulham, Manchester, Hull, Renfrew and Portsmouth. For crossing the Irish Sea, particularly in winter-time, it is important that pilots should be in touch with either side and receive accurate weather reports on request. The long crossing from Blackpool or Liverpool is nearly 100 miles, with an intermediate alighting place on the Isle of Man. The crossing via Cardiff, Haverford West and Wexford is 70 miles, but by this route the wireless from Newtownards is not available, and there is an additional disadvantage of having to clear Customs in the Irish Free State. The shortest sea-crossing to Ireland is from Fort Patrick, in Scotland, to Donoghadee, 21 miles, but this involves a long flight north and a crossing of the Solway Firth, which is in itself 22 miles wide on the course followed by aircraft. The Airport is used regularly by Hillman Airways and by the L.M.S. division of Railway Air Services, each company operating services to London. It is rumoured that the L.M.S. service will be closed down for the winter, and if this is due to the difficulty of flying to schedule during bad weather and in darkness, it will provide a useful object-lesson to the authorities concerned, that flying cannot be of real commercial value whilst its ground organisation remains incomplete.

Sporting Occasions

Shooting in Scotland

Above: Lady Conyngham in the butts at the Earl of Lauderdale's grouse shoot near Thirlestane Castle, N.B.

Right: Mr. G. H. Fairhurst, Master Robert Fairhurst, Captain Eric Stocks, Colonel C. H. Kirkwood, Lieut.-Colonel Giles Loder, Mr. J. Paton, Mr. Keiller Greig, and Mr. A. E. M. Mathias, who shot over the Morven Moor, near Ballater, with Mr. G. H. Fairhurst as host

Below: Lord Ampthill and Mrs. J. W. Bridgeman watching the racing in the English Counties Athletic Championship in Loughborough College grounds

Swaebe

The St. Leger Favourite

Above: Mrs. Benson, Mr. Marcus Marsh (trainer), the St. Leger favourite, Windsor Lad, and Mr. Martin Benson, his owner, photographed at Lambourne

Below: Major Lyon and Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Ormrod at the Bicester Agricultural, Horticultural, and Hunt Horse Show. The proud Pekinese in the picture haughtily declined to give the photographer his name

Athletics at Loughborough

A Three-fold Show at Bicester

Young Amateurs at the Oval

A Veteran on Court

Lord Fermoy, who won the Championship at the Stonehaven seventeenth annual Lawn-Tennis Tournament

Top left and descending: M. A. J. Farey (Tonbridge) nearly run out. P. G. Foster (Winchester) and J. W. L. Botting (Oratory). A. M. Hayfield (Haileybury) batting, and D. E. C. Steel (Rugby) batting, who played for the Young Amateurs of Surrey, Kent and Middlesex in two matches at the Oval

Getting Ready for "Rugger"

Treasurer-Paymaster Lieut. A. W. Hoar, Captain-Surgeon M. Brosman and Secretary Engineer-Lieutenant L. B. Osborne, officials of the Service Rugby teams at Devonport

Sport with the Lid Off:

By "Mark Over"

WIMBLEDON is now a memory—along with the sorry story of the Test Matches, the ray of sunshine brought to British golf by Henry Cotton, and the glory and the promise which our Empire athletes showed us in those brilliant Games at the White City.

It 's been a great season of sport. Yet there are good things ahead of us just now: the St. Leger—where Windsor Lad's showing will be watched by us all—the "America's" Cup races across the Atlantic, the first of the big representative "Soccer" matches, and the real start to the "Rugger" campaign.

And, if I may digress for a moment, I would point out how sport is, more and more, filling up our time and interests. Not your ordinary sort of stuff, but the clash of international stars with two continents, perhaps, waiting on the results.

There is a reason for it, of course, and right away I 'll say that the chief factor in this new interest in things sporting is our more ample leisure time. We seem to have more time for the good things of this life—and what better, I ask, than to see the surge and sway of a big football game, the fire and fury of a boxing champion, or the intensity of a Davis Cup-tie at Wimbledon?

FAR-SEEING folk, by the way, are turning this sport craze of ours into hard cash. The great impresarios of sport—Jeff Dickson comes to mind at once—are staging for us the sort of spectacles which we simply *must* go along to see these days; and the money is rolling into them in the process.

Maybe, in time, we 'll be putting our sons "into sport." And why not? For the man with vision, courage—and some money—there are rich prizes. Take professional football, for instance, where there is going to be an even bigger boom than we saw last season. Even now I know of big League clubs on whose office staffs there are youngsters learning the managerial side of the business; and, let me tell you, there are some pretty good pickings on this side of "Soccer."

The genial George Allison is getting a nice salary for his control of the Arsenal destinies. And what the Arsenal do to-day, the rest of Soccerdom is doing to-morrow.

Already we are seeing how the League clubs are making things more comfortable for spectators. Arsenal led the way with a new double-decker stand; Tottenham Hotspur followed with ground improvements which will now mean that 78,000 people can see their matches—and 60,000 will be under cover; and now we are hearing of Aston Villa's plans to increase their ground capacity to 100,000! Yes, there certainly is going to be more big money in football.

HOWEVER, to get back to more immediate things, with the St. Leger as our first topical peg. If, as seems very probable, Windsor Lad wins this week, the value of the Derby winner as a stud proposition will, of course, be enormously increased, and racing men will be louder than ever in their applause for the colt's new owner, Mr. Martin Benson.

You may be rich, but it takes a deal of courage to produce £50,000 even for a horse that has won the Derby. But Martin Benson has ever been a great adventurer.

Many friends of mine—not keenly interested in the Turf—have raised the natural query why the Maharajah of Rajpipla parted with the horse. Well, "Mr. Pip" may be a wealthy man, but his racing interests are never likely to extend in this country to the establishment of a breeding stud, to which, of course, Windsor Lad would be the prime attraction. From his point of view, "Mr. Pip" has made a perfectly satisfactory deal, and I am sure the new owner of Windsor Lad will have no regrets, whether the horse wins the St. Leger or not.

I think you may take it for granted that, whatever his fate in the St. Leger, we shall find Windsor Lad in training as a four-year-old in 1935. He is a grand type of thoroughbred, not even yet fully matured. An ambitious programme is likely to be mapped out for him next year, and all being well, I

International Lawn-Tennis Tournament in Switzerland

Mrs. Eric Peters (née Effie Hemmant), wife of the Oxford Blue and Surrey County player, who gave Mlle. Colette Rosambert, ranked second in France, a great game when they met at Lucerne

Hector Fisher, a "soccer" and lawn-tennis Oxford Blue, is Switzerland's No. 1 Davis Cup player. He beat Adam Bawarowski, the Austrian Davis Cup player, seen right, in the final of the Engelberg tournament

The Tennis Season in America

Miss Kathleen Stammers and her partner, F. H. D. Wilde, in the National Doubles, chosen by the L.T.A. to represent Great Britain in America, photographed at the Germanstown Cricket Club Ground, U.S.A.

prophesy that he will sweep the board in the Cup races.

Now another paragraph about the Turf. Tommy Weston, I see, is ending his eleven years' association as principal jockey to Lord Derby's stable very soon. The popular little Tommy—though he is thirty-one years old he can still ride at somewhere near 7 st.—has had a great innings at Stanley House.

I do not know at the moment what are his future plans. But if he decides to turn free-lance, I am sure his services will be in great demand.

Dick Perryman is Weston's likely successor as Lord Derby's jockey—by the time these notes appear the contract will probably be signed and sealed. Perryman is a quiet, unobtrusive fellow, who is unrivalled in his handling of two-year-olds. Indeed, one of the big features of this racing season has been the number of times he has scored in two-year-old races.

The secret of his success? A great understanding of young horses. I have admired, many a time, Perryman's patience in allowing his mount thoroughly to settle down and become nicely balanced. Then, in the last furlong, comes that devastating challenge which has won Perryman so many races right on the post.

If Perryman goes to Stanley House, it is well on the cards that, in his first year as Lord Derby's jockey, he may ride the winner of the Derby. There is no more promising two-year-old in the country than Bobsleigh, and though it seems a far cry to next June, this colt may follow in the footsteps of Sansovino and Hyperion, and give Lord Derby his third triumph on Epsom Downs.

THOUGHTS just now are on the challenge of Endeavour across the "Herring-Pond." I hear from a friend just back from the States that the American yachting experts are almost unanimous in their view that, at last, Britain has sent over a cutter able to lift the "America's" Cup.

The thing that appeals to the Americans is the wholehearted way in which Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith has gone about the business of this new challenge. No man knows more about aerodynamics than Mr. Sopwith—his pioneer work in the air stands him in good stead here—and Endeavour is fitted with all the latest gadgets in her fight for the Cup.

Americans feel that this is a *real* challenge: that is not to say Sir Thomas Lipton didn't put everything into his succession of Shamrocks, but with Sir "Tommy" the fun of the thing was more than the lifting of the Cup. Here, at Rhode Island, however, is a yachtsman of the new school; studious, with the sheer mechanics of the job at his finger ends, and, too, with the will to win.

Mr. Sopwith, in fact, is meeting the Americans at their own game—the art of reducing yachting, as far as it can possibly be reduced, to an exact science.

In trial spins off Bristol, Endeavour has already shown her heels to the best that America can put on the water. So here's hoping that the bad luck which dogged our previous challenges will be absent, and the best boat—which I hold is Endeavour—will win!

WELL, the Jack Petersen-Larry Gains fight for the British Empire heavy-weight title has been taking up a lot of the sport headlines these days. Certainly, young Petersen is a colourful personality, who gets his full share of publicity. I cannot, of course, discuss the White City fight, but I can tell you that there is a likelihood of Petersen getting a crack at the German heavy-weight, Max Schmeling. This would be a good contest if put on here, and would certainly give Petersen one of the biggest tests—if not the biggest—of his career.

The Chief of Police on Holiday in Scotland

Lord Trenchard, forgetting for a while the cares of the police force, with Lady Trenchard and their sons, Hugh and Tom, on the moors at Monibuie, Dumfries-shire

Sidelights on the "Proms": *(Continued from page 478)*

He has certain idiosyncrasies which do not please all. That, however, is merely a matter of taste and is never a matter of bad taste. At a Wagner concert he took the "Ride of the Valkyries" at so furious a pace that each of those fierce young ladies must have been mounted on a Derby winner to keep time with it.

He is sometimes inclined to sentimentalise. I heard once, in that promenade where it is impossible to promenade for one inch and where lynching would be the probable fate of anyone who attempted to do so, a taxi driver, who had looked in, badge and all, for a little mental uplift, make one rather pertinent remark. An Elgar symphony was in progress. "Trust 'Enery," he whispered to his companion, "to bring out all the lytent Tchaikowsky"! I only hope that man's driving is as sound as his musical criticism.

YET, without ceasing to be democratic, concerts in general and the "Proms" in particular are growing in social importance. August is no longer a dead month and has not been for many years. One does not see an opera crowd at Queen's Hall, for many of the musical notables flock to Salzburg, partly because it is a pleasant spot and partly because the tradition that any music heard out of England must necessarily be better than any music heard in it is an unconscionable time in dying. Yet evening dress, a rarity a few years ago, is seen in the circle as a matter of course.

ONE sees those young enthusiasts, Lord Hinchingbrooke and Lord Moore, and if the flock shepherded by Lady Cunard is temporarily scattered, individual members of it are present on most nights. And the corridors during the interval re-echo with "Darlings" and "divines" and "adorables" and "*perfectly* goods," while finger-nails the colour of pillar-boxes flash and gesticulate.

I WOULD not argue that here is less love of music than among the "promenaders"; but the latter endure more in the great cause. I do not think anybody goes to a symphony concert who does not like symphonies. But it would be ludicrous to suppose that a hater of music, or even an individual indifferent to music, would stand, tightly wedged, on a hot night for an hour and-a-half listening to Wagner, Brahms, Bach, or Beethoven. And it is on the nights when the programmes are most austere that that floor space is the most crowded. Bach is as certain a draw as a Cup Final, and becomes a physical endurance task undertaken with the greatest cheerfulness.

WHAT a heterogeneous crowd it is! What a mysterious thing is music in that it collects worshippers from the butchers, the bakers, the candlestick-makers, as well as from the bankers, the barristers, the painters, and heaven knows who else. Here is a well-known "bookie." There is a lady whose occupation is so pathetically miscalled a gay one. The wind-on-the-heath brother brigade is well to the fore—sun-tanned men in shorts and open-necked shirts, puffing at pipes, and, many of them, wearing ruck-sacks. I have a fervent admiration for the man who can listen to Beethoven's No. 5 with a ruck-sack strapped to his back—and I marvel that he does not leave it in the cloak-room.

MUCH has changed, of course, in forty years. I wonder what the patrons of the distant 'nineties would have said of the girls in shorts and their cigarettes? I wonder what they would have said of a "popular" programme which included Wagner, Strauss, Schumann, and Mozart. Such programmes, even twenty years ago, meant a hackneyed overture, a few drawing-room ballads, Handel's "Largo," and a pot-pourri from some light opera.

THE orchestra has vastly improved, thanks largely to the co-operation of the B.B.C. and practically unlimited resources, which have wiped away Sir Henry's anxieties. There were difficult shoals to negotiate a few years ago, and the good ship nearly foundered. But all is well to-day. The hall is sold out night after night. The orchestral players are first-rate, picked men, most of them (though Sir Thomas Beecham, in friendly rivalry, does some picking on his own account for his London Philharmonic Orchestra). Famous singers, pianists, and violinists, are engaged.

And Sir Henry continues to wear the white carnation of a blameless life.

Only sometimes it is pink.

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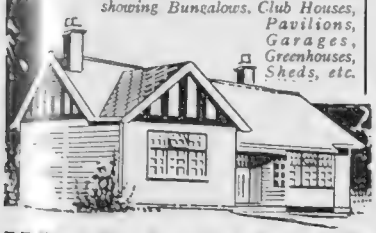

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The Editor's Box

Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the famous American newspaper proprietor, who is taking the waters at Bad Nauheim. He is about to take a drive with Marion Davies, the film actress

A Motor Exhibition

In connection with the inauguration of the 1935 programmes of Humber and Hillman cars, a most interesting display will be held at Devonshire House, from September 13th until September 15th, from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. (6 p.m. Saturday). This will afford an unique opportunity of seeing the many detail improvements and refinements which have been incorporated in the new models.

Launching by Wireless

H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester has graciously consented to launch the new Orient Line steamer Orion, which is now being built for their Australian mail service at Barrow-in-Furness by Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong, Ltd., at 11 a.m. on December 7th. Great interest attaches to the ceremony, as his Royal Highness, who will then be in Australia, will, at the time, be attending a concert of the Returned Soldiers' Association in Brisbane, and the ship will therefore be launched by wireless.

The "Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(13th Year) Ranelagh, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 1934

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(10th Year) Roehampton, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 1934

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Wednesday, September 19th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgement does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 19th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1933 or 1934, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme* of the change.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1934 **No entrance fee**

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Wednesday, September 19th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—

Ranelagh, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th

Roehampton Foursomes—

Roehampton, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. }
Miss } ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. }
Miss } ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions: August Monthly Medal Results

Thirty spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March, inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for the last places; if there should be a further tie, the card played on the course with the highest scratch score wins. Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Byrne	Aldershot	78	14	64	73	9 below
Miss B. K. Browne	Walmer & Kingsdown	73	7	66	74	8 ,,
Miss A. Copeland	Beverley	73	9	64	72	8 ,,
Mrs. F. R. Yeo	Thurlestone	79	12	67	75	8 ,,
Mrs. R. F. Keene	Walmer & Kingsdown	81	14	67	74	7 ,,
Miss D. Hornsey	Hockley	82	17	65	72	7 ,,
Miss P. Moore	Stratford-on-Avon	73	4	69	75	6 ,,
Miss J. H. Robson	Wanstead	83	14	69	75	6 ,,
Miss M. F. Sanderson	Leighton Buzzard	74	7	67	72	5 ,,
Mrs. S. Edeson	Sherwood Forest	86	15	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. R. W. Whineray	Thurlestone	86	16	70	75	5 ,,
Mrs. R. P. Gwynne	Rotherham	74	4	70	74	4 ,,
Miss Beryl Pockett	Seaford	75	5	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. Hammill	Huyton	85	16	69	73	4 ,,
Mrs L. F. Wright	Saltburn	71	4	67	70	3 ,,
Mrs. R. Curle	Dorset	79	8	71	74	3 ,,
Miss E. P. Robson	Wanstead	81	9	72	75	3 ,,
Miss Nan Hunt	Blackpool N. Shore	81	10	71	74	3 ,,
Miss W. M. Berry	Ormskirk	77	4	73	75	2 ,,
Mrs. Ward Dawe	Harborne	84	9	74	76	2 ,,
Mrs. J. C. Platt	Thornock	84	14	70	72	2 ,,
Miss G. M. Roberts	Warrington	88	15	73	75	2 ,,
Mrs. S. M. Green	Huyton	86	15	71	73	2 ,,
Mrs. Rowbotham	Walmer & Kingsdown	88	15	73	74	1 ,,
Miss D Walker	Saltburn	85	16	69	70	1 ,,
Mrs. J. B. Watson	Gullane No. 3	67 plus	3	70	70	All square
Mrs. Manestry	Camberley Heath	88	13	75	75	,,
Miss J. Nicholson	Camberley Heath	91	16	75	75	,,
Mrs. W. North	West Bradford	85	13	72	71	1 above

Bronze Division (Handicaps 19 to 36)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss J. H. Miller	Bromborough	92	36	56	74	18 below
Miss H. H. Potter	Ormskirk	94	32	62	75	13 ,,
Mrs. Kay Young	Sand Moor	94	31	63	74	11 ,,
Miss D. Huggett	Malden	101	36	65	76	11 ,,
Miss Hayes	Moseley	84	19	65	75	10 ,,
Mrs. C. R. Rintoul	St. Nicholas	94	34	60	70	10 ,,
Mrs. E. F. Hughes	Cooden Beach	90	21	69	77	8 ,,
Miss M. Gaulter	Blackpool N. Shore	88	22	66	74	8 ,,
Miss N. Roberts	Kirby Municipal	101	31	70	78	8 ,,
Mrs. E. M. Duffner	Cuddington	99	31	68	76	8 ,,
Miss Leach	Tamworth	101	36	65	73	8 ,,
Mrs. Hirst	N. Hants	87	19	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. Melville Ordres	Newport Mon.	98	31	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. L. M. Conoley	Wanstead	101	33	68	75	7 ,,
Miss M. Pennington	Haydock Park	102	36	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. A. G. Boulton	Thonock	101	36	65	72	7 ,,
Mrs. Glyn Davies	Ashburnham	94	26	68	74	6 ,,
Mrs. E. Atkinson	Gosforth	102	33	69	75	6 ,,
Miss B. Hutchinson	N. Hants	105	36	69	75	6 ,,
Mrs. M Buchan	West Bradford	89	23	66	71	5 ,,
Mrs. C. N. Mansfield	Chevin	96	29	67	72	5 ,,
Miss R. Johnstone	North Berwick	105	34	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. H. Scott	Thonock	90	22	68	72	4 ,,
Mrs. Jackson	Kingsthorpe	99	29	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. J. Jackson	Chislehurst	91	23	68	71	3 ,,
Mrs. D. N. Sims	Chesterfield	100	32	68	71	3 ,,
Miss F. O. Anderson	N. Hants	109	36	73	75	2 ,,
Miss Underwood	N. Hants	101	26	75	75	All square
Mrs. Harris	Camberley Heath	100	24	76	75	1 above

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON SEPTEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; an excellent holiday play: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—Lilian Braithwaite, Athene Seyler, Mary Glynne, Gyles Isham, and Jack Livesey in Gertrude Jennings' comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH SALAD.—Hilda Trevelyan as the mother of a family hit by the slump; Leonora Corbett as her daughter-in-law, Vera Lennox, Ellen Pollock, A. R. Whatmore, and Aubrey Dexter as some more of the family: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that's as tense as most crook stuff, with Leon M. Lion as a K.C., Malcolm Keen and Doris Lytton: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, including a good trial scene with the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAITLANDS.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor-brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Wyndham's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work; the story runs on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée Jill (Esmond); Lewis Casson admirable as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—With Leslie French as Puck: Botanical Gardens, 8.30.

THE SHINING HOUR.—Gladys Cooper and Raymond Massey return to England in this new play by Keith Winter, author of THE RATS OF NORWAY. Adrianne Allen, Derek Williams, Marjorie Fielding, and Cyril Raymond also in the cast: St. James's, 8.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Anna Burden) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares): Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30, last week.

SOUR GRAPES.—An excellent comedy on the theme that love between husband and wife must fade; Constance Cummings as the wife, Nicholas Hannen as the husband, and Roger Livesey as the lover, all act supremely well: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

BLACKBIRDS OF 1934.—An all-black revue, "A Harlem Rhapsody"; the principals are Edith Wilson, Peggy Bates, Martha Thomas, Tom Moore: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Princes, 8.15.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC.—A light musical play, with Viola Tree, Rita Page, Reginald Purdell, Kenneth Kove, and some more: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new, all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king-laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura la Plante, as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy: Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last weeks.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello acts in his own play, supported by a star company including Fay Compton, Edna Best and Zena Dare: Globe, 8.30.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—Shaun Glenville gloriously funny as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

QUEER CARGO.—Adventures on a tramp steamer in the China Seas; Drusilla Wills is the girl; Franklin Dyall, Barry Livesey, and Robert Hale as some of the men: Piccadilly, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 48.—(Third year). Gus Chevalier, Eddie Kelland, Morgan Davies, Howard Rogers, and Beryl Eeresford. Non-stop performance, 1.30-11.30: Windmill.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee is the hero: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Clair Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI.—With Frederic March as the amorous artist, and Constance Bennett as a naughty duchess: Leicester Square Theatre.

BLOSSOM TIME.—Richard Tauber's first British picture; the singer is supported in this romantic piece by Jane Baxter, Athene Seyler, Carl Esmond, Paul Graetz, and a lot more: Regal.

CHU CHIN CHOW.—Oscar Asche's five-year success has Anna May Wong, George Robey, and Fritz Kortzner in its screen version: Tivoli.

CLEOPATRA.—Claudette Colbert as the lovely Egyptian, Henry Wilcoxson as Marc Antony, and Warren Williams as Julius Cæsar; the production is Cecil B. de Mille, and stupendous: Carlton.

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION.—A Paramount picture with Claude Rains and Margot, and COCK EYED CAVALIERS (Radio). Wheeler and Woolsey provide the fun: Plaza.

HER SACRIFICE.—Ann Sothern, Neil Hamilton and Paul Kelly in a comedy drama. CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE.—A Chinese detective film, featuring Warner Oland: Capitol.

HIDE OUT.—Robert Montgomery, Maureen O'Sullivan, Muriel Evans, C. Henry Gordon, in a story about a crook and a country girl: Empire.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss as the famous financier: Marble Arch Pavilion.

LES MESSIEURS DE LA SANTÉ.—Featuring Ramu. A French film which is extremely popular: Academy.

MUSIC

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

To-night: Tchaikovsky concert, and Berner's Fugue in C minor, and overture, the "Boatswain's Mate" (Ethel Smythe). Solo pianoforte, Moiseiwitsch.

Sept. 12th: Brahms concert, Astra Desmond and the Wireless Male Voice Choir Chorus. Solo violin, Isolde Menges; solo violoncello, May Mukle.

Sept. 13: Hadyn-Mozart Concert and Rondo for Violin and orchestra (Sinigaglia), first performance. Symphonic movement, Pacific 231 (Honneger), Noël Eadie; solo violin, Arthur Catterall.

Sept. 14: Beethoven concert and overture in D minor (Handel-Elgar), Stiles Allen; solo pianoforte, Solomon.

Sept. 15th: Mixed programme, including Tone Poem, Findlandia (Sibelius), Luella Paikin, Stuart Robertson; solo pianoforte, Irene Scharrer.

Sept. 17th: Wagner Concert and comedy overture (Balfour Gardiner), Florence Easton, Francis Russell.

SPORT

CRICKET.—Lancashire v. Rest of England: Sept. 14th (four days). Oval.

GOLF.—BYSTANDER Girls' Open Championship, Stoke Poges, Sept. 12th-14th.

LAWN-TENNIS.—South of England Championships, Eastbourne, Sept. 10th—15th.

DANCING AND DINING

In London

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both; extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—The Three Pearls, speciality dancers from New York; Louis Simmonds and his band play; extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Jack Harris and his famous band; The Jesters, entertainers from New York: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—André Balogh, the Jiggling violinist, Tommy Kinsman's band: gala nights, Wednesday and Friday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" in a special summer show; Teddy Joyce and his band do a cabaret turn, as well as play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Syd Lipton's band: extension night, Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S.—Nati Morales and Montaya, the world-famous guitarist: Van Straten's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian: the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

THE THEATRE RESTAURANT. 405, Strand, opposite Tivoli.—Intimate and Bohemian theatre dinners and suppers, or à la carte. Fully licensed until 11 p.m., or with food, till 12: Tem. Bar 2205.

Out of London

ACE OF SPADES, Kingston By-Pass.—Swimming all night; dancing till 3 a.m. to Percy Chandler's band; cabaret on Saturday.

ACE OF SPADES, Great West Road.—The new large swimming-pool is now open; restaurant.

ANGMERING COURT CLUB, Sussex.—Sea-bathing, golf, riding, tennis, and dancing at week-ends; excellent food; one can stay at the Club.

ANNE BOLEYN, on the left, over the bridge at Staines.—The restaurant is in a delightful old-world house; the swimming-bath is fitted with up-to-date filtration.

BELL HOUSE, Beaconsfield.—Swimming, sun-bathing, and dancing in the pleasant restaurant. Licensed till 11.30 p.m. on week-days.

CHATEAU BLEU CLUB, Maidenhead.—Swimming in the pool; boatin' on the river; tennis; dancing every evening.

GAY ADVENTURE, Esher.—Swimming in the sterilised and warmed pool; sun-bathing in the lovely garden; dancing to Tony Eldridge's band.

HAUTBOY HOTEL, Ockham, Surrey.—Old-world garden; good food in the unique dining-room; best cocktails on the road; no swimming.

HIND'S HEAD, Bray-on-Thames.—The food and wine are unique—a gourmet's dream—and "mine host," Barry Neame, has an eye on all the comforts of his guests.

HOWARD PARK, Aston Clinton, Bucks.—The old home of the Rothschilds; swimming, dancing on Saturday, riding, tennis, special arrangements for guests arriving by aeroplane.

MOORLANDS HOTEL, Hindhead.—Good food and service in peaceful surroundings; lovely position and wonderful air; no dancing or swimming.

THE SILVER GRILL, Ashford Road, Maidstone.—Marvellous food and service; dinner dances every Saturday, 7.30 to 12; 12s. double tickets; caviare and oysters; only Silver Grill on road.

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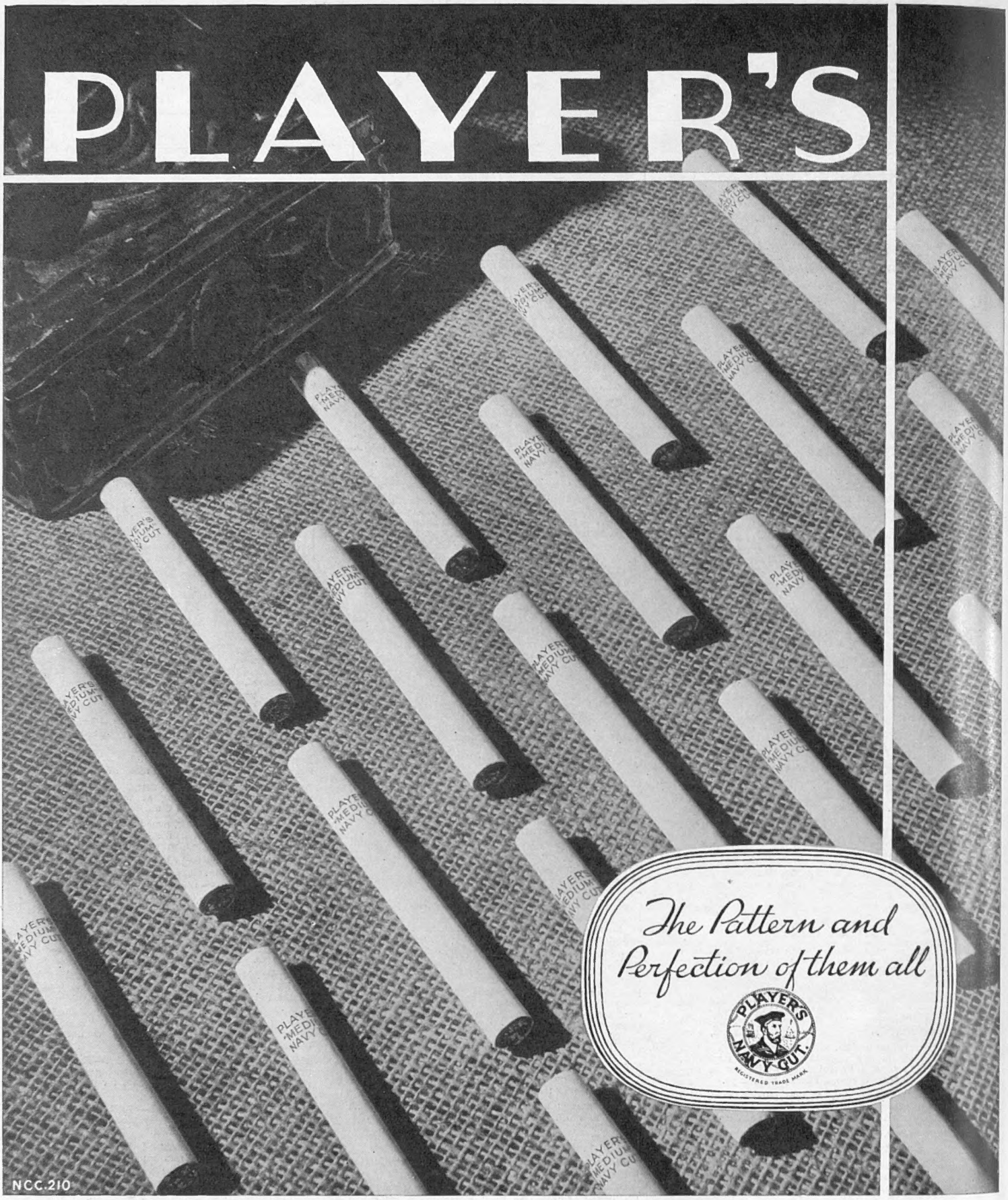

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